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CONTENTS

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The Colleges: Dartmouth's New President 383
The New President of Union 383
Secretary Wickersham on Culture-Studies 384
Agriculture as a Learned Pursuit 385
Baron Uriu and the Americo-Japanese Friendship 386
Mr. White and Mr. Bacon 386
Caught Again! 387
The Philadelphia City Government Under Fire 388
For the Freedom of Ireland 388
Novels of the Spring 389
A Spoiled Boy and an Unspoiled Girl. 390
The Thraldom of Names 391
Academic Ambassadors 395
Edward Everett Hale 397
The President and the Tariff 399
The Spectator 400
The Passing (Poem) 402
By Wanda Petrunkevitch
Edward Everett Hale 403
By Thomas Wentworth Higginson
"The City Gets Fifty-Five Per Cent" 407
By C. Norman Fay
George Meredith 413
By May Sinclair
Recent Literary Studies 418
Public Opinion 423

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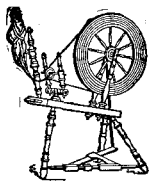

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The Outlook

19 JUNE, 1909

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THE COLLEGES: DARTMOUTH'S NEW PRESIDENT

The colleges last week and this have been rounding out their year's work. A few of the more striking features of last week are noted in this and the following paragraphs. In the old days an American college was expected to select its head from the clerical ranks of its own graduates. Dartmouth College last week chose as its President a man who is not a clergyman, who does not, in fact, even possess the Arts degree, and who is not only not a graduate of Dartmouth, but not even a product of New England training. Nevertheless, those qualities which colleges used to look for in clergymen and in their own graduates Professor Ernest Fox Nichols possesses in a marked degree. The action of Dartmouth indicates that colleges are not so much changing their ideal as finding it embodied in men of a different type. Native of Kansas, graduate of the Kansas Agricultural College as Bachelor of Science, Master and Doctor of Science of Cornell University, Doctor of Science of Dartmouth College, for six years Professor of Physics at Colgate, for five years Professor of Experimental Physics at Dartmouth, and since then Professor of Experimental Physics at Columbia University, Professor Nichols has risen to a place of high eminence in the field of pure science. His achievements in the measurement of light and planetary heat are astonishing, indeed beyond the comprehension of the ordinary lay mind, and have won for him a wide scholastic recognition. Measuring beams of light and the heat from distant planets, however, is quite distinct from keeping a college faculty in harness and disciplining a great body of undergraduates. In view of this fact, it is interesting to note that while he has been at Columbia he has been more and more forced by his own interest out of the laboratory into the committee room. This transition has not been unnatural to a man of his traits. He has long been known as a man possessed of the scientific imagination, a prophet with a turn for persevering and laborious investigation. Vision coupled with patience should go far toward qualifying a man for a college presidency. Certainly the creative abilities which, applied to scientific problems, made him famous have, when applied to educational problems, made him very useful. His election is welcomed by those who are to be his colleagues. His loyalty to the college of which he is to be President, in spite of the fact that he is a son only by adoption, is indicated by what President Tucker, his predecessor, said in his words of introduction of Professor Nichols to the undergraduates: "I have never," writes Dr. Tucker, "attended a dinner of Dartmouth men in New York at which he was not present. He comes back to us as he left us, his heart unchanged." His dignity and sincerity, his firmness, his vein of sentiment, his appreciation of art, literature, and music, his power of viewing a situation with cool and unprejudiced reasonableness, and his spirit of altruism which has kept him at serviceable tasks by which the world profits but for which it offers little material reward, are qualities that do much to fit him as a leader of young men.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF UNION

The Rev. Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond was inaugurated last week with exercises of unusual interest as twelfth President of Union College. He was a member of the class of 1883 at Princeton University, and five years later was graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary. After two years' expe-

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rience as a teacher, Dr. Richmond became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at East Astoria, New York, whence he was called to the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, at Albany, in 1894, and remained in the pulpit of that church until his acceptance of the invitation to the presidency of Union. In an address of welcome to the new President, Governor Hughes declared that the founding of Union College was an evidence of the desire of the early Dutch settlers for something more than material success, and that the development of Schenectady as a center of technical enterprise and the application of technical education had not dulled the desire for liberal training along academic lines. The College had fitted itself to its new life and adapted itself to the new conditions. Its proximity to a great manufacturing plant must not involve the lowering of the standards of liberal culture. The College has done well to meet the demand at its door; and its President brings to it a deep sympathy with the problems of modern life. The best teacher is the man who strikes an idea in the mind of a student and leaves the student to think that he has had a vision. Such a man must know his work and his material; he must have judgment and executive ability; above all, he must have unbounded sympathy, sincerity of character, and earnestness of purpose. And Governor Hughes declared that under the leadership of Dr. Richmond he looked forward to great progress and enlargement of the work of Union College. President Woodrow Wilson, who spoke at some length and with much vivacity, declared that most modern ideas are so exceedingly modern that nobody knows whether they are sound or not; that our school systems lack system, and our school methods are so miscellaneous that they are not methodic. We are trying everything at once. It is the business of the college president to-day to lead his college out of chaos into order. In his inaugural address Dr. Richmond discussed "Some Ideals of a College Community." His closing sentences may be taken as disclosing his point of view and his approach to the subject:

A college man has no right to be an idler, or a selfish scholar, or a mere money-getter. He is to be the guide, the friend, the teacher, the liberator; if need be, the martyr. He must obey the law of *noblesse oblige*. And because we believe this to be the highest end of education and the noblest function of a college, we shall seek to saturate the life of this place with the spirit of the religion of Christ. For never was the principle of service so perfectly incarnated as in the person of Him who said, "I am among you as one that serveth." And nowhere is the law of life more beautifully summarized than in that symbolic act at the Last Supper when Jesus arose and girded himself with a towel and washed his disciples' feet. We sometimes say that citizenship is the end of education, but there is a broader outlook. The end of good citizenship is good government, but the end of good government is civilization in its widest and highest sense, That far-off divine event should be in the eye of every guide and leader of education. It may well be that the State cannot do this work as well as private individuals. At all events, if the State does it, the State must widen its horizons till they touch the circle of the universal State which knows no limit of race or creed, where patriotism becomes brotherhood, and the Legislature the Parliament of Man.

SECRETARY WICKERSHAM ON CULTURE-STUDIES

Among the notable college addresses of last week, none was more interesting or significant than that delivered at Lehigh University by the United States Attorney-General, Mr. George W. Wickersham, who urged upon his hearers at one of the foremost technical institutions in the country the insufficiency of technical education to furnish all that a man needs in the way of training. All educated men, he said, conceded the full value of technical training; but there ought also to be an appreciation of the culture-studies; and he called attention to the danger of minimizing attention to these great subjects. He added:

In an age of great technical and industrial development the tendency is toward pure materialism—the exalting of practical accomplishment in the production of wealth over the less tangible result of the study of history, literature, and art; and so there is on the part of many men who have attained success in business life or in the practical sciences a disposition to extol such accomplishments beyond all others and to undervalue or not at all to realize the value of mental culture in any other than purely technical lines.

It is to be noted, however, that the greatest discoveries in science followed that great intellectual awakening which is known as the Renaissance. Almost without exception, the great men whose names have been written

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large in the history of science were men of broad culture, often almost as proficient in literature and art as in science.

The man who goes out into the world without the knowledge of the humanities is therefore lacking in a mental equipment which leaves him subject to a serious handicap. General cultivation to-day is so widespread that the man who enters upon his life work with a mere technical training, when he comes in competition with men of broad culture, is at a decided disadvantage.

A combination of the ideals of purely technical study with broad university culture offers to students the opportunity of becoming not merely engineers, but educated gentlemen.

AGRICULTURE AS A LEARNED PURSUIT

When a Canadian agricultural college confers the degree of Doctor of Laws upon two leaders of agriculture in the United States, it is clear that there is need of revising the traditional conception not only of academic honors, but also of the place agriculture has as a subject of education. Evidently the time is happily passing when intelligent people can think of the farm as a place where thorough training is superfluous. On June 3, at a special convocation of McGill University, held at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, Macdonald College, the new school of agriculture affiliated with the University, was dedicated; at the same time it made five men Doctors of Laws. Of these, three were from the United States. The two already referred to were James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, and Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester. The third was Dean Russell, of the Teachers College, New York. The bestowal of the degrees, which took place in the presence of Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, was intended not only as a compliment to the recipients, but also as a recognition of the similarity of the problems of rural life which confront the two countries, and of their co-operation in working out solutions. The interchange between the two countries of men and ideas, which is more general than is fully known, was dwelt upon by all the speakers. The agricultural bulletins of both countries are freely exchanged, Canadians receiving those of the United States for the asking. Agricultural experts pass back and forth, giving and receiving of the results of research. This has been illustrated by Dr. Robertson, the Principal of Macdonald College and the leading student of agricultural problems in Canada, who, on more than one occasion, has crossed the border upon invitation. Only so lately as June 9 he made the chief address at the dedication of a finely equipped building at the Iowa State College of Agriculture. The dedication of Macdonald College was of interest to the United States for another reason also. It is probably the most completely equipped agricultural college in the world, the two-score buildings and the land representing an expenditure of approximately three million dollars. This sum and the endowment of two millions were provided for it by one man, Sir William Macdonald, a tobacco merchant of Montreal, for whom it is named. The munificence of this gift makes possible an experiment in rural education the results of which are likely to be watched by educators on both sides of the line with a great deal of interest. It has been charged against the American system of education that it does not take into consideration, as fully as it should, the peculiar needs of the agriculturist, and that it tends to drive youth away from the agricultural industry. Macdonald College is the embodiment of the ideas of Dr. Robertson for the education of the prospective agriculturist and his wife. The curriculum is intended to stimulate interest in agriculture, provide a technical knowledge of its problems and their solutions, and fit for the acceptance of civil responsibility and the enjoyment of the beautiful things of life. The institution is intended for the preparation of teachers for rural schools, of young men for life on the farm, and of young women for homekeeping. "Here you are doing," said Mr. Pinchot, in acknowledging his degree, "the thing we elsewhere are talking about doing." Further comment on the significance of the movement which this occasion has brought to public notice The Outlook reserves until next week. It must suffice now to remark that Macdonald College is indicative of but one of several steps which the people of Canada are taking to place agriculture among those pursuits for which it is expected that not only boys and girls but also whole communities shall be well trained.

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BARON URIU AND AMERICO-JAPANESE FRIENDSHIP

The visit of Vice-Admiral Baron Sotokichi Uriu and his wife to this country has awakened a special interest. Perhaps no man could better represent the bond between Japan and America than Baron Uriu. He came to this country thirty years ago and entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. After a very creditable career there he was graduated in the class of 1881. He has now become an eminent naval authority in his own country. He particularly distinguished himself at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War by driving the Russian ships out of the harbor of Chemulpo, Korea. At the banquet given in Washington to Admiral Uriu by the members of his Annapolis class, President Taft took advantage of the opportunity to testify to "the very warm personal friendship" that he felt for the Emperor and the people of Japan, and added:

That feeling of personal friendship is entirely consistent and conforms in every way to my official duty and attitude as the President of the United States. It has been my great good fortune to know those responsible for the government of the Empire of Japan more intimately than I know those responsible for any other government than my own. In 1900, on my way to the Philippines, I had the honor of a personal audience with his Imperial Majesty the Emperor; in 1904, on returning as Secretary of War, I had a similar opportunity, and at that time was brought into personal contact with the ministers and with the naval and military commanders of the Empire. Again returning in 1905, I renewed the acquaintances, and returning in 1907 I again had the pleasure of meeting all these men who have made the Empire of Japan what it is. The wonderful qualities of the Emperor of that great country as a ruler are shown in his making such marvelous selections as he has of the men who carry on the great work which that Empire has done in the last thirty years.

One of these selections was, of course, that of Baron Uriu. But the Admiral has another advantage in his American visit from the fact that his wife is a graduate of Vassar College. Baroness Iwako Uriu was one of the first Japanese girls to be educated in this country, and was graduated from Vassar at the same time as Princess Oyama. Baroness Uriu was naturally the most prominent figure at the Vassar Commencement last week. Her address on that occasion, as well as the speeches which her husband has made, evince what we believe to be the real sentiment of Japan toward America. Such a visit should cement still closer the good relations between the two countries and do much toward wiping away the recent suspicions which, in the eyes of some, have apparently clouded those relations—suspicions almost entirely of American origin. Well-informed Japanese probably realize by this time that such suspicions, even if reflected in resolutions introduced into the Legislatures of two or three States in the far West, do not represent the prevailing opinion in this country.

MR. WHITE AND MR. BACON

Last week definite announcement was made that on the retirement of the Hon. Henry White, our Ambassador to France, the Hon. Robert Bacon, the late Secretary of State, would succeed to the office. Mr. White's retirement is the occasion of widespread regret. For a quarter of a century he has been in the American diplomatic service, and the late Administration had no more efficient diplomatic agent. Mr. White entered the service as Secretary of our Legation at Vienna, and was transferred to the second secretaryship at London. In due time he was promoted to be First Secretary, and retained that position to his own and the country's credit for many years. He repeatedly acted as Chargé d'Affaires, and in 1887–8 represented the United States at the International Conference at London for the abolition of sugar bounties. Four years ago he was made American Ambassador to Italy, and two years ago was promoted to the French Embassy. Meanwhile he was the senior delegate from the United States to the International Conference on Moroccan affairs at Algeciras, Spain. Mr. White's record is peculiarly interesting. He threw himself into the profession of diplomacy with just as much hard work as if he were financially dependent on it. His advancement has never been due to the fact that he was a rich man. It has never rested on a campaign contribution, nor is it supposed that Mr. White ever influenced one.

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His preferment has been due to his broad grasp of the matters in hand, to his thorough attention to detail, to his long experience, and to his shrewd appreciation of the varying qualities of many men, Americans as well as foreigners. His service has been of signal help to Americans and to American interests abroad. Why should such a public servant be retired? If he must be, it is fortunate that such a man as the Hon. Robert Bacon is to succeed him. Mr. Bacon is a Harvard graduate and a member of the Board of Overseers of the University. His college and subsequent record has been distinguished by proficiency in several directions. He has always been regarded as an "all-round man." As Assistant Secretary he brought to the Department of State three and a half years ago many of the qualities which had made him an efficient member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and his short term as Secretary last winter was eminently creditable. Mr. Bacon's personal attractiveness is so great that some of the men in the department would make excuses to go into his room, as they said, "just to take a look at him." To natural charm was added a rare conscientiousness to duty. It obtained recognition from ex-President Roosevelt, ex-Secretary Root, President Taft, and many others who judged at close range. Mr. Bacon thus goes to Paris, having aroused a feeling of confidence not always awakened by our nominees to foreign posts.

CAUGHT AGAIN! For the second time within two months the peculiar business methods of the Sugar Trust (the American Sugar Refining Company) have cost it a pretty penny. In the first case, which has already been fully reported in The Outlook in "The Case of the Seventeen Holes," the Company had to pay to the Government two and one-third millions of dollars because for ten years it had been engaged in swindling the Government by the use of false scales. In the second case the Company made an expensive compromise with a competitor who charged that it had succeeded by a trick in preventing him from opening his refinery. The story of this case briefly related, is as follows: Mr. Adolph Segal in 1903 organized the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company for the purpose of competing with the Sugar Trust. The Company built in Philadelphia one of the most complete and well-equipped sugar refineries in the country. Before the refinery was opened Mr. Segal found himself financially involved, and borrowed $1,250,000 from Mr. Gustav E. Kissel. The security for the loan consisted chiefly of stock of the new refining company, and with it went the condition that during the term of the loan the holder of the collateral should name the directors of the Company. Mr. Segal was of course entirely ignorant of the fact that the man who was doing him this favor was an agent of the Sugar Trust. Mr. Kissel and three clerks of the Trust were at once elected directors, and voted that the new refinery should not be opened. For six years this magnificent plant has lain idle, and not a pound of sugar has gone through its machinery. As a result, Mr. Segal, this independent refiner who had been duped into falling under the control of the Trust, was financially ruined. His downfall involved a real estate company in Philadelphia, whose president thereupon committed suicide. Suit was brought against the American Sugar Refining Company, and just as the case was going to the jury it was announced that a settlement had been reached between the Trust and the Pennsylvania company. The exact terms of the settlement have not yet been made public, but it is reported that the closing of that refinery will cost the Trust between two and three million dollars. The evidence in the case is being investigated by the Attorney-General, in order to ascertain if there is sufficient ground for criminal prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. So the Sugar Trust has twice in rapid succession been pilloried before the world—once in open court and once by its agreement to a settlement which is equivalent to a confession of guilt. The rascality in the first case was systematic and long continued, covering at least a decade, and probably a much longer space of time. But the second offense was more despicable, for it consisted in ruining a competitor under cover of an act of friendship and assistance—the loan of

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the money necessary for the carrying on of his business. It is this kind of conduct which causes and in part justifies the widespread popular feeling against monopolistic corporations, and in a lesser degree against all corporations. If the men who control great corporations would continue to enjoy the advantages and privileges which incorporation as a method of doing business affords them, they must learn to behave. They must adopt the same code of ethics that rules between individuals in business. They must make their corporations deal not only legally but honorably with their customers, their competitors, and the Government. They must not use the impersonal corporation as a cover for practices which they would not think of carrying on as individuals. It should be as much a matter of disgrace to the managers of a great corporation when the corporation swindles a competitor or steals from the Government or oppresses its customers as if they had done the act with their own hands. The Sugar Trust has come recently under new official control; its new managers can hardly be held responsible for the shady transactions under their predecessors. But they are to be held responsible for the regeneration of their company and for its continuance under a new spirit of decency and fair dealing.

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY GOVERNMENT UNDER FIRE

The Philadelphia street car strike and the Philadelphia primaries, which were held the day after the strike ended, were both involved in what seems to be another uprising against ring rule in the city. Some two years ago the city of Philadelphia and the Rapid Transit Company formed by agreement a partnership. On the Board of Directors of the street railway company, it was arranged, there should be three representatives of the city, of whom the Mayor should be one. From time to time the Company has acted in the most arbitrary way. In particular, its action in abolishing strip tickets (six tickets for a quarter) aroused a resentment that was manifested in a great town meeting and the appointment of a Committee of Fifteen to enforce the public side of the question. There was also very great dissatisfaction over the attitude of Mayor Reyburn, who pooh-poohed the public outburst, and against the continuance of State Senator Wolf as one of the city's representatives. Then came the street car strike and the triumph of the strikers. This makes the result of the primaries, which followed, significant. Under the Direct Primary Law Mr. Gibboney was voted for as a candidate for nomination on all three tickets—those of the Republican party, the Democratic party, and the William Penn party. In the William Penn party he had no opposition, and was therefore unanimously nominated by over twenty thousand votes. In the Democratic party he was also successful, receiving nearly nine thousand votes. In the Republican party he received over fifty-six thousand votes, but was defeated by almost five thousand votes by Mr. Rotan, a machine candidate. It will be seen by this that Mr. Gibboney received in all the parties put together a larger number of votes than any other candidate; but because a great many independents refused to carry on the reform fight within the Republican party Mr. Gibboney was defeated for the Republican nomination. Although it is thus still possible for the ring to keep control of the principal office to be filled at the November election, the politicians of the Republican machine are plainly noticing the lesson which the primary has administered to them. Senator Wolf has resigned as the city's representative on the street car corporation, and the City Solicitor has been asked to take steps to enforce the reinstatement of the strip ticket. In the meantime the people of Philadelphia have had a demonstration of the effectiveness of direct primaries.

FOR THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND

Among the busiest of people and the wisest of philanthropists are the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Last week Lady Aberdeen arrived in this country. She crossed the ocean partly for the purpose of attending the meeting of the International Council of Women in Toronto, but also for the purpose of furthering the campaign against the white plague in Ireland. This is a campaign in which

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Americans have a threefold reason for being concerned. In the first place, there is a humanitarian reason. A yearly loss of about twelve thousand killed and ten times that number crippled would arouse our sympathy and active help if occasioned by massacre; the fact that it is occasioned by the insidious tubercle bacillus should make us no less ready with sympathy and help, for we know what it means to fight that same enemy ourselves. In the second place, there is the reason of enlightened self-interest. So many Irish come to America that anything done to fortify the physical energies of Ireland's people will have its beneficial consequences in America. In the third place, there is the reason of our responsibility in part for the conditions. The returned emigrant who has spent some time of his absence in an American tenement is in many cases responsible for establishing in Ireland a new center of infection. Americans, therefore, should heed what Lady Aberdeen has to tell them concerning the battle that the Women's National Health Association of Ireland is waging against tuberculosis. The people of American cities have already become familiar with itinerant tuberculosis exhibitions. Charts and diagrams and pictures and small models have conveyed to thousands in America warning of the danger of the disease and a message of hope for its conquest. A similar exhibition has been adapted for use in Ireland. In addition, an exhibit has been carried about in a van with such simple mottoes as "Our weapons are pure air, pure food, pure milk, and cleanliness," painted on one side in English and on the other in Irish. Accompanying the van are two lecturers, a cookery teacher, a custodian, a driver, and even a gramophone, which attracts the people by music and delivers advice and information. In Ireland, as is well known, political and religious differences have been bitter, and often tumultuous; but they have been overwhelmed in place after place by the enthusiasm engendered in this sanguine, if not sanguinary, struggle against a common enemy. Lady Aberdeen writes in the British Journal of Tuberculosis: "It is indeed the Celtic imagination which has made the movement possible, for the quick-witted people of Ireland have realized the truth of the present danger, and have also been able to grasp the ideal set before them as to the possibility and practicability of extirpating the enemy within a given time, if all will take a hand."

NOVELS OF THE SPRING

The fiction of this season includes hardly a single work of the first rank, speaking absolutely. Even relatively, in comparison with the novel-product of the last two years the output is far from remarkable. Where, one may ask, has there appeared this spring or early summer a story equal, all in all, to Mr. De Morgan's "Somehow Good," or Mr. Locke's "Septimus," or Mrs. Ward's "The Testing of Diana Mallory," or Mr. Phillpotts's "The Three Brothers"? Yet, in addition to the recent novels by Miss Glasgow and Mrs. Ward, already discussed here, there are several stories just now under the public eye which ought to be distinguished from that great crowd of books which appear and perish a good deal faster than the grass of the springtime. The books we have in mind are of the class which combine special interest, whether of literary quality, manner of treatment, or originality in topic, with equally salient defects; so that while they do not gain, or deserve, permanent places in literature, they yet ought not to be overlooked. Thus, to specify, an anonymous writer (said to be a practiced novelist and guessed at by various readers as Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Cruger, Mrs. Wharton, and even Mark Twain!) gives us in "The Inner Shrine" (Harpers), through the medium of stiff and sometimes stilted dialogue, without a particle of humor, and with clumsy plot-development, two social-moral problems of a really novel character. One of these is the fight against the world of a young widow who as a wife has been an indiscreet coquette, has been unwittingly but not blamelessly the cause of death and disaster, but has been turned into a dignified and noble woman by her grief and repentance; the other, the struggle of a vicious man of the world between aroused conscience and that sense of conventional honor which would force him toward suicide if he shall confess openly that he has falsely boasted a conquest of the woman just

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described. The double problem is handled cleverly, and the book holds the attention closely, although it neither charms nor amuses. So, too, with Mr. Irving Bacheller's "The Hand-Made Gentleman" (Harpers). Its love story no one cares for, its literary form is odd, its plot is negligible, but it is decidedly worth while, because its characters have reality, because their talk is crisp and humorous, and, especially, because it makes alive the story of the beginnings of the tremendous new industrial and inventive epoch which began in New York State a generation ago, and illustrates it by pen-pictures of Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, and less known but not less interesting men of the day. Sidney McCall's "Red Horse Hill" (Little, Brown & Co.) is defective in its building-plan, flat in its ending, over-written in style, too melodramatic to be always effective, but it is a passionate, honest, genuine blow at the hateful evils of child-slavery in mills, and in other ways its insight into human nature is notable. All these stories have been well received, not because they are great, but because the writers had, in each case, something he or she *wanted* to say—another object than merely to write a book that might perhaps sell. This is true also of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's "Mr. Opp" (Century Company). It is slight; it is, in fact, a comedy-sketch rather than a novel; it is chiefly good fun; but in the buoyant, bombastic, ludicrous Mr. Opp there is also a lesson of plain, straight heroism and nobility of conduct.

A SPOILED BOY AND AN UNSPOILED GIRL

Two other stories of recent publication rise above the deadly average of mediocrity which rules in this season even more than usual. A fresh, entertaining tale is set forth by J. C. Snaith in "Araminta" (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York). The lady in question is the daughter of an obscure country curate. She is in point of personal presence a replica of an ancestor who had been perhaps the most admired beauty of her day, and whose charms had been recorded for posterity by a famous painter. In point of conduct she is alarmingly naïve, unsophisticated, and, in a quite harmless manner, unrestrained. She arrives in London to visit an aunt of years and title who is not a little reminiscent of Beatrix Esmond in later life, with a pet ferret and an enormous appetite for cakes, particularly cream buns. She announces that while her name is Araminta, she is commonly known as Goose, "because I'm ra-ather a sil-lay." Her sister, who later appears on the scene, is, she also reveals, known as Muffin, "because she's ra-ather a ragamuffin." Goose promptly acquires two suitors, in the persons of two mature and noble lords. The aunt, who is a pal, if the word may be pardoned, of both the suitors, plays one against the other, but the appearance early in the game of an impecunious young painter, a comrade of the Goose's childhood, gives a hint of the ultimate cause of their mutual discomfiture. All in all, it is a wholesome, humorous, beguiling tale. The author who disguises her sex under the style of Frank Danby has written a new novel, "Sebastian" (The Macmillan Company), which is something of a disappointment after the sparkling pages of "The Heart of a Child." Sally Snape, afterward Lady Kidderminster, was pulsingly alive, "Kiddie" was only little less human, but by their side Sebastian, the young man who gives his name to the new story, and his mother move woodenly and with slightly creaking joints. Sebastian is a young man who spends the first half of the book in displaying his bumptiousness and arrogance, the second half in revealing his preternatural cleverness and energy as a business man. In spite of the title of the book, however, it is really a study of his mother. She is a writer of novels with cryptic titles, who despises her husband for his absorption in mere business, and utterly fails to appreciate his unselfish and self-effacing devotion to his family. She plumes herself on her knowledge of life because she can make the puppets on her little stage walk through dramas of her own invention, but she is persistently blind to the half-concealed tragedies that surround her. Sebastian develops out of his cubbishness, though not quite convincingly, but his mother is incorrigible. Compared with a score of the novels of the day, "Sebastian" is worth while; it is when it is set beside its delightful predecessor that it fails to satisfy.

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THE THRALDOM OF NAMES

It behooves our people never to fall under the thraldom of names, and least of all to be misled by designing people who appeal to the reverence for or antipathy toward a given name in order to achieve some alien purpose. Of course such misuse of names is as old as the history of civilized mankind. The rule of a mob may be every whit as tyrannical and oppressive as the rule of a single individual, whether or not called a dictator; and the rule of an oligarchy, whether this oligarchy is a plutocracy or a bureaucracy, or any other small set of powerful men, may in its turn be just as sordid and bloodthirsty as that of a mob. But the apologists for the mob or oligarchy or dictator, in justifying the tyranny, use different words. The mob leaders usually state that all that they are doing is necessary in order to advance the cause of "liberty," while the dictator and the oligarchy are usually defended upon the ground that the course they follow is absolutely necessary so as to secure "order." Many excellent people are taken in by the use of the word "liberty" at the one time, and the use of the word "order" at the other, and ignore the simple fact that despotism is despotism, tyranny tyranny, oppression oppression, whether committed by one individual or by many individuals, by a State or by a private corporation.

Moreover, tyranny exercised on behalf of one set of people is very apt in the long run to damage especially the representatives of that very class by the violence of the reaction which it invites. The course of the Second Republic in France was such, with its mobs, its bloody civil tumults, its national workshops, its bitter factional divisions, as to invite and indeed insure its overthrow and the establishment of a dictatorship; while it is needless to mention the innumerable instances in which the name of order has been invoked to sanction tyranny, until there has finally come a reaction so violent that both the tyranny and all public order have disappeared together. The Second Empire in France led straight up to the Paris Commune; and nothing so well shows how far the French people had advanced in fitness for self-government as the fact that the hideous atrocities of the Commune, which rendered it imperative that it should be rigorously repressed, nevertheless did not produce another violent reaction, but left the French Republic standing, and the French people as resolute in their refusal to be ruled by a king as by a mob.

Of course when a great crisis actually comes, no matter how much people may have been misled by names, they promptly awaken to their unimportance. To the individual who suffered under the guillotine at Paris, or in the drownings in the Loire, or to the individual who a century before was expelled from his beloved country, or tortured, or sent to the galleys, it made no difference whatever that one set of acts was performed under Robespierre and Danton and Marat in the name of liberty and reason and the rights of the people, or that the other was performed in the name of order and authority and religion by the direction of the Great Monarch. Tyranny and cruelty were tyranny and cruelty just as much in one case as in the other, and just as much when those guilty of them used one shibboleth as when they used another. All forms of tyranny and cruelty must alike be condemned by honest men.

We in this country have been very fortunate. Thanks to the teaching and the practice of the men whom we most revere as leaders, like Washington and Lincoln, we have hitherto escaped the twin gulfs of despotism and mob rule, and we have never been in any danger from the worst forms of religious bitterness. But we should therefore be all the more careful, as we deal with our industrial and social problems, not to fall into mistakes similar to those which have brought lasting disaster on less fortunately situated peoples. We have achieved democracy in politics just because we have been able to steer a middle course between the rule of the mob and the rule of the dictator. We shall achieve industrial democracy because we shall steer a similar middle course between the extreme individualist and the Socialist, between the demagogue who attacks all wealth and who can see no wrong done anywhere unless it is

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perpetrated by a man of wealth, and the apologist for the plutocracy who rails against so much as a restatement of the Eighth Commandment upon the ground that it will "hurt business."

First and foremost, we must stand firmly on a basis of good, sound ethics. We intend to do what is right for the ample and sufficient reason that it is right. If business is hurt by the stern exposure of crookedness and the result of efforts to punish the crooked man, then business must be hurt, even though good men are involved in the hurting, until it so adjusts itself that it is possible to prosecute wrong-doing without stampeding the business community into a terror-struck defense of the wrong-doers and an angry assault upon those who have exposed them. On the other hand, we must beware, above all things, of being misled by wicked or foolish men who would condone homicide and violence and apologize for the dynamiter and the assassin because they choose to take the ground that crime is no crime if the wicked man happens also to have been a shiftless and unthrifty or lazy man who has never amassed property. It is essential that we should wrest the control of the Government out of the hands of rich men who use it for unhealthy purposes, and should keep it out of their hands; and to this end the first requisite is to provide means adequately to deal with corporations, which are essential to modern business, but which, under the decisions of the courts, and because of the short-sightedness of the public, have become the chief factors in political and business debasement. But it would be just as bad to put the control of the Government into the hands of demagogues and visionaries who seek to pander to ignorance and prejudice by penalizing thrift and business enterprise, and ruining all men of means, with, as an attendant result, the ruin of the entire community. The tyranny of politicians with a bureaucracy behind them and a mass of ignorant people supporting them would be just as insufferable as the tyranny of big corporations. The tyranny would be the same in each case, and it would make no more difference that one was called individualism, and the other collectivism, than it made in French history whether tyranny was exercised in the name of the Commune or of the Emperor, of a Committee of National Safety or of a King.

The sinister and adroit reactionary, the sinister and violent radical, are alike in this, that each works in the end for the destruction of the cause that he professedly champions. If the one is left to his own devices, he will utterly discredit the entire system of government by individual initiative; and if the other is allowed to work his will, he, in his turn, will make men so loathe interference and control by the State that any abuses connected with the untrammeled control of all business by private individuals will seem small by comparison. We cannot afford to be empirical. We must judge each case on its merits. It is absolutely indispensable to foster the spirit of individual initiative, of self-reliance, of self-help; but this does not mean that we are to refuse to face facts and to recognize that the growth of our complex civilization necessitates an increase in the exercise of the functions of the State. It has been shown beyond power of refutation that unrestricted individualism, for instance, means the destruction of our forests and our water supply. The dogma of "individualism" cannot be permitted to interfere with the duty of a great city to see that householders, small as well as big, live in decent and healthy buildings, drink good water, and have the streets adequately lighted and kept clean. Individual initiative, the reign of individualism, may be crushed out just as effectively by the unchecked growth of private monopoly if the State does not interfere at all, as it would be crushed out under communism, or as it would disappear, together with everything else that makes life worth living, if we adopted the tenets of the extreme Socialists.

In 1896 the party of discontent met with a smashing defeat for the very reason that, together with legitimate attacks on real abuses, they combined wholly illegitimate advocacy even of the methods of dealing with these real abuses, and in addition stood for abuses of their own which, in far-reaching damage, would have cast quite into the shade the effects of the abuses against which they warred. It was essential both to the material and moral progress of the country that these

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forces should be beaten; and beaten they were, overwhelmingly. But the genuine ethical revolt against these forces was aided by a very ugly materialism, and this materialism at one time claimed the victory as exclusively its own, and advanced it as a warrant and license for the refusal to interfere with any misdeeds on the part of men of wealth. What such an attitude meant was set forth as early as 1896 by an English visitor, the journalist Steevens, a man of marked insight. Mr. Steevens did not see with entire clearness of vision into the complex American character; it would have been marvelous if a stranger of his slight experience here could so have seen; but it would be difficult to put certain important facts more clearly than he put them. Immediately after the election he wrote as follows (I condense slightly):

"In the United States legal organization of industry has been left wholly wanting. Little is done by the State. All is left to the initiative of the individual. The apparent negligence is explained partly by the Americans' horror of retarding mechanical progress, and partly by their reliance on competition. They have cast overboard the law as the safeguard of individual rights, and have put themselves under the protection of competition, and of it alone. Now a trust in its exacter acceptation is the flat negation of competition. It is certain that commercial concerns make frequent, powerful, and successful combinations to override the public interest. All such corporations are left unfettered in a way that to an Englishman appears almost a return to savagery. The defenselessness of individual liberty against the encroachment of the railway companies, tramway companies, nuisance-committing manure companies, and the like, is little less than horrible. Where regulating acts are proposed, the companies unite to oppose them; where such acts exist, they bribe corrupt officials to ignore them. When they want any act for themselves, it can always be bought for cash. [This is of course a gross exaggeration; and allusion should have been made to the violent and demagogic attacks upon corporations, which are even more common than and are quite as noxious as acts of oppression by corporations.] They maintain their own members in the legislative bodies—pocket Assemblymen, pocket Representatives, pocket Senators. In the name of individual freedom and industrial progress they have become the tyrants of the whole community. Lawless greed on one side, and lawless brutality on the other—the outlook frowns. On the wisdom of the rulers of the country in salving or embittering these antagonisms—still more, on the fortune of the people in either modifying or hardening their present conviction that to get dollars is the one end of life—it depends whether the future of the United States is to be of eminent beneficence or unspeakable disaster. It may stretch out the light of liberty to the whole world. It may become the devil's drill-ground where the cohorts of anarchy will furnish themselves against the social Armageddon."

Mr. Steevens here clearly points out, what every one ought to recognize, that if individualism is left absolutely uncontrolled as a modern business condition, the curious result will follow that all power of individual achievement and individual effort in the average man will be crushed out just as effectively as if the State took absolute control of everything. It would be easy to name several big corporations, each one of which has within its sphere crushed out all competition, so as to make, not only its rivals, but its customers, as dependent upon it as if the Government had assumed complete charge of the product. It would, in my judgment, be a very unhealthy thing for the Government thus to assume complete charge; but it is even more unhealthy to permit a private monopoly thus to assume it. The simple truth is that the defenders of the theory of unregulated lawlessness in the business world are either insincere, or blind to the facts, when they speak of their system as permitting a healthy individualism and individual initiative. On the contrary, it crushes out individualism; save in a very few able and powerful men, who tend to become dictators in the business world, precisely as in the old days a Spanish-American president tended to become a dictator in the political world.

Moreover, where there is absolute lawlessness, absolute failure by the State to control or supervise these great corpora-

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tions, the inevitable result is to favor, among these very able men of business, the man who is unscrupulous and cunning. The unscrupulous big man who gets complete control of a given forest tract, or of a network of railways which alone give access to a certain region, or who, in combination with his fellows, acquires control of a certain industry, may crush out, in the great mass of citizens affected, all individual initiative quite as much as it would be crushed out by State control. The very reason why we object to State ownership, that it puts a stop to individual initiative and to the healthy development of personal responsibility, is the reason why we object to an unsupervised, unchecked monopolistic control in private hands. We urge control and supervision by the Nation as an antidote to the movement for State Socialism. Those who advocate total lack of regulation, those who advocate lawlessness in the business world, themselves give the strongest impulse to what I believe would be the deadening movement towards State Socialism.

There must be law to control the big men, and therefore especially the big corporations, in the industrial world, in the interest of our industrial democracy of to-day. This law must be efficient, and therefore it must be administered by executive officers, and not by lawsuits in the courts. If this is not done, the agitation to increase out of all measure the share of the Government in this work will receive an enormous impetus. The movement for Government control of the great business corporations is no more a movement against liberty than a movement to put a stop to violence is a movement against liberty. On the contrary, in each case alike it is a movement for liberty; in the one case a movement on behalf of the hard-working man of small means, just as in the other case it is a movement on behalf of the peaceable citizen who does not wish a "liberty" which puts him at the mercy of any rowdy who is stronger than he is. The huge irresponsible corporation which demands liberty from the supervision of Government agents stands on the same ground as the less dangerous criminal of the streets who wishes liberty from police interference.

But there is an even more important lesson for us Americans to learn, and this also is touched upon in what I have quoted above. It is not true, as Mr. Steevens says, that Americans feel that the one end of life is to get dollars; but the statement contains a very unpleasant element of truth. The hard materialism of greed is just as objectionable as the hard materialism of brutality, and the greed of the "haves" is just as objectionable as the greed of the "have-nots"—and no more so. The envious and sinister creature who declaims against a great corporation because he really desires himself to enjoy what in hard, selfish, brutal fashion the head of that great corporation enjoys, offers a spectacle which is both sad and repellent. The brutal arrogance and grasping greed of the one man are in reality the same thing as the bitter envy and hatred and grasping greed of the other. That kind of "have" and that kind of "have-not" stand on the same eminence of infamy. It is as important for the one as for the other to learn the lesson of the true relations of life. Of course the first duty of any man is to pay his own way, to be able to earn his own livelihood, to support himself and his wife and his children and those dependent upon him. He must be able to give those for whom it is his duty to care, food and clothing, shelter, medicine, an education, a legitimate chance for reasonable and healthy amusements, and the opportunity to acquire the knowledge and power which will fit them in their turn to do good work in the world. When once a man has reached this point, which of course will vary greatly under different conditions, then he has reached the point where other things become immensely more important than adding to his wealth. It is emphatically right, indeed I am tempted to say it is emphatically the first duty of each American, "to get dollars," as Mr. Steevens contemptuously phrased it; for this is only another way of saying that it is his first duty to earn his own living. But it is not his only duty, by a great deal; and after the living has been earned, getting dollars should come far behind many other duties.

Yet another thing. No movement ever has done or ever will do good in this country where assault is made, not upon evil wherever found, but simply upon evil as

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it happens to be found in a particular class. The big newspaper, owned or controlled in Wall Street, which is everlastingly preaching about the iniquity of laboring men, which is quite willing to hound politicians for their misdeeds, but which with raving fury defends all the malefactors of great wealth, stands on an exact level with, and neither above nor below, that other newspaper whose whole attack is upon men of wealth, which declines to condemn, or else condemns in apologetic, perfunctory, and wholly inefficient manner, outrages committed by labor. This latter is the kind of paper which by torrents of foul abuse seeks to stir up a bitter class hatred against every man of means simply because he is a man of means, against every man of wealth, whether he is an honest man who by industry and ability has honorably won his wealth, and who honorably spends it, or a man whose wealth represents robbery and whose life represents either profligacy, or at best an inane, useless, and tasteless extravagance. This country cannot afford to let its conscience grow warped and twisted, as it must grow if it takes either one of these two positions. We must draw the line, not on wealth nor on poverty, but on conduct. We must stand for the good citizen because he is a good citizen, whether he be rich or whether he be poor, and we must mercilessly attack the man who does evil, wholly without regard to whether the evil is done in high or low places, whether it takes the form of homicidal violence among members of a federation of miners, or of unscrupulous craft and greed in the head of some great corporation.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ACADEMIC AMBASSADORS

One of the special functions of the twentieth century promises to be a more intimate acquaintance of the races with one another; and it is through this acquaintance, more perhaps than by any other means, that war is to become more and more rare, until it finally disappears with other practices and implements of barbarous ages. Half the wars in history have sprung from ignorance, or the things which flow from it—misunderstanding, jealousy, fear. At the Lake Mohonk Conference Mr. Bryce pointed out the curious situation which obtains at present, when all the great Powers sincerely desire peace, and each suspects the intentions of the other. If there were a thorough knowledge of England in Germany, and an equally thorough knowledge of Germany England, the bitterness and recrimination of the last few years would have been impossible. It is quite true that there are fundamental differences which acquaintance brings more clearly into view; but acquaintance, as a rule, brings also into view the varying conditions which produce differences of opinion, and the sincerity in which those opinions are held. In this endeavor to make countries better acquainted with one another, the interchange of professors is a very important instrument. Nothing could have been better, for instance, as an exposition of America than the series of lectures which President Nicholas Murray Butler delivered at the University of Copenhagen last autumn, setting forth a side of American life and giving an interpretation of American character entirely at variance with the conventional notions of Europe, and yet strictly in accordance with fact.

Dr. van Dyke has explained America during the past winter in Paris to audiences which have crowded the Richelieu amphitheater at the Sorbonne, and has put into the minds of cultivated Frenchmen a conception of the United States radically different from that which they have taken from many of their travelers. A recent cable report from Paris says of his lectures:

> Dr. Henry van Dyke's "Genius of America"—"Le Génie de l'Amérique"—with a preface by M. Alexandre Ribot, of the French Academy, and admirably translated into French by Mme. E. Sainte-Marie Perrin, is issued by the Librairie Calmann-Lévy, and gives the backbone of the excellent and keenly appreciated lectures delivered last winter at the Sorbonne by Professor van Dyke, and which, by the way, are made all the more interesting by the "Impressions sur l'Amérique du Nord," by Dr. van Dyke's "opposite number," Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, which appear in serial form in Le Figaro. Dr. van Dyke has accomplished a patriotic and an eminently scholarly task in giving the French public true and elevated notions of Americans, American institutions, and American mentality.

These foreign professorships filled by Americans have so far, as a rule, been

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held by men who have known how to interpret their country and their literature. The position is not an easy one, and requires something more than scholarship. It demands a broad knowledge of American life, a deep and genuine sympathy with American institutions, and the gift of public address. To send a man to Paris, for instance, who lacks the ability to interest an American audience in their own language, would be absurd. Men who speak English in foreign countries ought to be trained, not only to the use of the language, but to vocal expertness. Many of the professors who have gone abroad have had this combination of qualities; some have lacked it; and where the combination has not been made there has been a distinct failure to meet the conditions imposed by the opportunity. For this reason the selection of men for the various posts is a matter of great public interest.

Professor Bliss Perry, who has been selected to succeed Dr. van Dyke and give the Hyde Lectures in France next winter, is a man rarely equipped for the difficult office of interpreting to French ears the spirit of English and American literature. The successor of Mr. Longfellow in the Professorship of Literature at Harvard, Mr. Perry has had a large experience as teacher, writer, and speaker. A graduate of Williams College, later a student at the Universities of Berlin and Strassburg, a teacher of English at Williams and later at Princeton, Professor Perry has had unusual success in vitalizing literature in the various forms in which he has dealt with it, has gained both the attention and confidence of students, and has awakened in them an interest in literary studies, which is perhaps the chief and most enduring success of a teacher of literature. He has written a number of novels and short stories, a capital "Study of Prose Fiction," two volumes of engaging essays full of the flavor of literary association and of easy and charming humor, "The Amateur Spirit," "Park Street Papers," a "Life of Walt Whitman," which is, all things considered, the best that has yet appeared. His address at the recent unveiling of the Longfellow statue in Washington was a happy example of Mr. Perry's gifts as a speaker and writer in association with a charm of personality due alike to his temperament and his intellect, which have made him a fit successor of Longfellow as a teacher and also a representative American man of letters.

The Roosevelt Professorship at the University of Berlin is to be filled during the coming season by a Southern scholar, Charles Alphonso Smith, Professor of the English Language and Literature, and Dean of the Graduate Department at the University of North Carolina. His appointment as the Roosevelt Professor at Berlin for 1910–11 may be said to mark a new era in the academic life of the South, and registers the entrance of Southern scholarship into the educational domain of international affairs. Born at Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1864, Dr. Smith is of the same generation as Drs. Venable, Alderman, Dabney, McIven, and Claxton; and is one of the educational leaders of the New South, and an eminent scholar in his chosen field in the South. At Davidson College, North Carolina, he received the degree of A.B. in 1884, of A.M. in 1887. He subsequently took a post-graduate course at the Johns Hopkins University in English, and also in History and German, extending from 1889 to 1893, receiving from that institution the degree of Ph.D. In 1901 he traveled in Europe, studying at the Universities of Paris and Berlin. Dr. Smith has been a teacher at Sanford, North Carolina, at Selma, North Carolina, at the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge; and in 1902 he accepted the chair of the English Language at the University of North Carolina, where, in 1904, he was chosen Dean of the Graduate Department. During his term of service at the University of North Carolina he has built up the strongest department of the English language and literature in any university in the Southern States south of the Johns Hopkins University. In the fall of 1909 he will enter upon his duties as Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English Literature at the University of Virginia.

Dr. Smith's numerous contributions to the study of English philology and syntax testify to the extent of his scholarship; his most noteworthy contribution to pure

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literature has been made as associate editor of the "Library of Southern Literature," now appearing in fifteen volumes. Dr. Smith is eminent, not only as scholar and teacher, organizer and director, but also as a lecturer and speaker. He has lectured before many clubs, schools, colleges, universities, and educational gatherings, both North and South; and recently appeared as Lecturer in Comparative Literature, on the Ropes Foundation, at the University of Cincinnati. He will be an admirable representative of universities of this country. With his gift of enthusiasm, his talent as a *raconteur*, his scholarship and personal charm, he will be an exponent of the highest American culture and character.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

In a college fraternity house in Williamstown, twenty years ago, at a time when Greek letter societies were widely regarded as mere excrescences on the surfaces of college life, Dr. Hale said: "The college fraternity to-day is, in effect, what the English college was at its inception, and may be worked out along the same lines." And he went on to indicate some of the ways in which a fraternity could be used not only for student companionship, but for study and scholarship. It was characteristic of Dr. Hale to see at a glance the rich possibilities of an institution of to-day, and at the same time to give it a historical background. No man was more a contemporary of his own generation, nor had any man of his time a more vital interest in history. He was a conspicuous exponent of the Americanism of the end of the nineteenth century; but he never for a moment lost his historical sense, or was without his historical illustration. He was one of those men, like Lucian, or Erasmus, to whom all things are alive with human interest; to whom there is no dead past, but a background filled with living figures, moving incidents, humorous happenings, great adventures, vital convictions. Dr. Hale was a kind of embodiment of history, not always entirely accurate in his dates, but wonderfully clear in the freshness of his recollection. He could follow back almost every line of the development of his time to its historical beginnings; not by the way of abstract statement, but of concrete, fascinating incidents. If he spoke about railways, he went back to the first locomotive with which he was contemporaneous, or to the stage-coach, or, earlier still, to the saddle. If one spoke of the modern university, Dr. Hale on the moment could trace its evolution out of the earliest small college, with its little group of professors, its small group of students, its intimate life, its reverence for the amenities and privileges of scholarship, its touch of intellectual aristocracy.

Born in Boston, educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University, Dr. Hale lived eighty-seven years, and last week died in the old city. He was a New Englander to the core. But he was also an American. He loved New England, he delighted in its old traditions; he knew intimately its history in families, customs, and old ways of living and thinking; but he early escaped the limitations of New England and became a National figure through his wide sympathies, his benevolent and pervading democracy. He was neighbor to every man and woman in the country. In a certain way he bore the stamp of the small community; he loved local things; but no man of our time has charged the word neighbor with a larger meaning or has interpreted it more effectively in its most human sense. He was by profession a Unitarian minister, and there are many people who recall with gratitude the sanity of his preaching, its persuasive influence, and the religious atmosphere of the old vesper services in the South Congregational Church. But nobody thought of Dr. Hale as belonging to this denomination or to that, or as having any sectarian affiliations. "I should be sorry," he said, "not to be remembered first as a minister of the Gospel. I have always been glad that I chose my profession as I did, and have always been glad to welcome into it young men of spirit who want to be of service to the world." In this phrase lies much of the secret of Dr. Hale's success. There was nothing conventional or formal about his approach to truth or his proclamation of it. He was a very human person, and he loved to have human persons about him. Theological problems interested him

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very slightly; questions of ecclesiastical order did not lay hold upon him; but from first to last his heart was with every human being whom he could reach, and his hand was held out to every human being whom he could succor or guide. Religion to him was not a great romantic adventure, nor was it a constant exaltation, as it has been to some great mystics; but it was an hourly helpfulness, a great force flowing in countless rivulets on countless lives.

Dr. Hale incarnated the democratic spirit. Everything that he had he wanted to share. Nothing was too good to be given away to any one who would take it; no truth was so esoteric that it did not belong to the world, no kind of art so beautiful and rare that it was not the heritage of the race. He cared very much for political institutions, not from the theoretical but from the practical standpoint; but what he wanted most was the escape of the common man into the higher life. His function was to hold the doors open; to be brother to the whole country; to make common things interesting; to invest the average life with dignity. "I advise all young men," he said, ". . . to acquaint themselves as largely as they can with the condition of every part of the country. I have always attempted to keep up my correspondence and friendship with the Pacific Coast and with the great interior States as with the region of the Atlantic in which I was born. This is more and more easy to do every day now, when San Francisco is close to New York and Alaska is no longer an unknown region." While other men and women were organizing societies for special reforms, Dr. Hale organized the "Lend a Hand Society" for general helpfulness. He was much more interested in toning up life and making it kindly, patient, sympathetic, and serviceable than in accomplishing particular reforms of evil; and the genius of his nature and his life was expressed in the motto of the Society, which has become one of the maxims of America:

> "Look up and not down;
> Look forward and not back;
> Look out and not in, and
> Lend a hand."

This was Dr. Hale's philosophy in a phrase, and he was the embodiment of it.

"My vocation, first, second, and last, is that of a minister of the Gospel," he said; "my avocation has been literature." From his childhood he had to do with writing and printing. At the age of twelve he knew how to set type, and he was proud of the fact that he could have earned his living as a journeyman printer, if he had chosen to do so. Writing was a kind of second nature with him, but perhaps not more than speaking; and in both forms of expression he was first and foremost the modern man in the vitality of his interests and the effective writer and speaker by virtue of his quick imagination, his fertile invention, his simplicity and directness. Dr. Hale was primarily a journalist in his attitude toward his time. He had, in other words, a quick sense of what is called the timeliness of events and persons. He felt instinctively, even in dealing with historical matters, those aspects which possessed perennial human interest. Living habitually in the presence of the eternal truths as he conceived them, and being their faithful and tireless minister, his illustrations were drawn from the life of his own time, his methods were of to-day, and his interest was not in the propagation of theories but in helping men.

There is a long list of books to his credit, many of them semi-historical in the sense of dealing with past events, but all intimately related to his own life. He seemed to have the power of enlarging his memory to include men and affairs long anterior to his own time, and to speak of them as if he had been contemporary with them. His literary fame rests, of course, on one of the best short stories ever written, "The Man Without a Country," which discloses his intense patriotism, his power of translating a great passion or experience into the most familiar human terms, and his ability, like the author of "Robinson Crusoe," to make fiction as credible and convincing as fact. On his eighty-fifth birthday he said that it had been his good fortune to be "cradled in the sheets of a newspaper." This is the secret of the unfailing interest and charm of this tale, which is a classic of patriotism. It reads like a story from a newspaper, and yet it has qualities of literature.

Humor also was part of Dr. Hale's

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delightful endowment. It was not flashing, brilliant, and capricious; it played like a pleasant light over his whole mind; it was part of his great gift of common sense. At a dinner given to him by the Aldine Association in New York a few years ago he said: "I always accept the Aldine Club's invitations. You have asked me twice in eighty years." When he was consulted with regard to accepting invitations to speak, he promptly responded: "Accept every invitation; say just what you please, and leave town by the next train." On another occasion he declared that he had a lecture on sleep, with illustrations by the audience. But no one ever slept when Dr. Hale was speaking. The simplest things in his hands took on a fresh interest, and the remotest things seemed to come into the neighborhood. To the very last day of his life young men rejoiced in his company and his talk. He was for sixty years a college man quite as definitely as during his undergraduate days; and no man was happier on college occasions. A lifelong member of Alpha Delta Phi, one of the leading college fraternities, at one time its President, always the representative of its best traditions, many generations of college men found him the most simple, cordial, unaffected, and fascinating of teachers, always addressing them from their own level. His sincerity and simplicity grew more charming as he grew older. "I always try to write on subjects I know something about," he said; and he expressed contempt for that kind of literature which is mere dexterity or *tour de force*.

His closing service as Chaplain of the United States Senate will be remembered for its quiet dignity, its devout patriotism, its familiar appeal to the idealism of democracy and America. The account of his personality by Colonel Higginson, one of his few surviving contemporaries, which appears on another page, will be read with deep interest, though some readers will differ, as does The Outlook, from the criticism of the influence of "The Man Without a Country" quoted from Mr. Garrison. Dr. Hale irradiated sunshine; one could neither be in his presence nor read his books without feeling a genial warmth of human kindliness. All good seeds grew the better for his influence; to other and sterner hands was left the task of cutting up the weeds with destructive blows. Dean Alford has said that the text "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," means, Be complete and comprehensive in your love; let there be no exceptions. If this is a true interpretation, then a better illustration of this text than Edward Everett Hale, in his all-embracing charity, it would be difficult to find even in these days of a deepening sense of brotherhood. Neither race, color, nor previous condition of servitude, neither shiftlessness, ignorance, vice, nor crime, could turn out of his hospitable heart the wanderer that came his way. Coupled with his simple, unaffected piety was a faith in man, a hope for man, and a love for man which made him a foremost prophet and a foremost illustration of the spirit of humanity in an essentially humanitarian age.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TARIFF

The other day in the United States Senate Mr. Aldrich declared that the Republican Convention's pledge at Chicago last June did not necessarily mean a revision downward. But the people so interpreted it, and the President likewise.

In 1906, at Bath, Maine, Mr. Taft said:

> Since the passage of the Dingley Bill (1897) there has been a change in the business conditions of the country, making it wise and just to revise the schedules of the existing tariff. . . . How soon the feeling in favor of revision shall crystallize into action cannot be foretold, but it is certain to come, and with it those schedules of the tariff which have inequalities, and are excessive, will be readjusted.

From this view, he has, we believe, never wavered. Certainly he upheld the Republican campaign pledge of a year ago:

> The Republican party declares unequivocally for a revision of the tariff by a special session of Congress immediately following the inauguration of the next President, and commends the steps already taken to this end in the work assigned to the appropriate committees of Congress, which are now investigating the operation and effect of existing schedules. In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of

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production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries.

Commenting on this, Mr. Taft said:

The Dingley tariff has served the country well, but its rates have become generally excessive. They have become excessive because conditions have changed since its passage in 1896. Some of the rates are probably too low, due also to the change of conditions. But, on the whole, the tariff ought to be lowered. . . . Unless we act in accordance with our promises, or if we only keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, we shall be made accountable to the American people and suffer such consequences as failure to keep faith has always been visited with. It would be better to have no revision at all, unless we are going honestly and fairly to revise the tariff on the basis promised by our party.

In Mr. Taft's inaugural address we read:

There has been such a change in conditions since the enactment of the Dingley Act, drafted on a similarly protective principle, that the measure of the tariff above stated will permit the reduction of rates in certain schedules, and will require the advancement of few, if any. . . . In accordance with the promises of the platform upon which I was elected, I shall call Congress into extra session, to meet on the 15th day of March, in order that consideration may be at once given to a bill revising the Dingley Act.

Congress duly met in special session. A part of its work has been accomplished, for a tariff bill has passed the House of Representatives, a measure marking a slight improvement over the present tariff, but, in view of these pledges, unsatisfactory. From present indications, the Senate bill will be even more unsatisfactory. When it is passed, conferees will be appointed by the House and the Senate. The result of their conference will in all probability be a compromise measure.

When the bill comes before him, the President will, we believe, ask himself: Is this an honest and a thorough attempt, first, to provide revenue; second, to remedy injustices and adapt duties to changed economic conditions; and, third, to encourage industries in accordance with the Republican campaign pledge?

Concerning that pledge, Secretary MacVeagh, the second ranking officer of the Cabinet, recently made the following significant announcement:

What the people expect is what the protectionist Republican party promised in its last year's platform, as interpreted by its candidate for the Presidency; and while it is talking against the wind to argue that the revision expected is not a revision down, it would be equally futile to say that the revision down was promised to be a revision down and out.

No one expects "a revision down and out." But no one expects the President to abandon his principles—that is, with the possible exception of certain Senators! Why should the President be asked to abandon his principles? He would be asked to do this if the majority in Congress should force through a measure of greed, not of reason, a measure not providing for a distinctly downward revision.

But Secretary MacVeagh was not satisfied with the evident implication that, unless the bill provides for such revision, it might be in danger of a veto. He went further, and pointed out another danger to the Senate majority—the danger of a possible loss of political leadership. Pertinently he warned his hearers:

And you and I must agree—for we cannot escape the conclusion—that it might become at any time the duty of any great party leader to create for his party a new majority and control.

Signs of that new majority are not lacking. Let those who would control take notice.

THE SPECTATOR

It was a New Yorker who once said that he "had spent a week in Philadelphia last Wednesday." The Spectator does not feel that way about the Quaker City since passing through it when the street car strike was on. Not knowing the ins and outs of the matter, he had no judgment to pass as to the respective merits of the Rapid Transit Company and the strikers; but he can testify that it was a lively time for the public, and that the day moved along as briskly as if it had been marked by the clocks of Manhattan. In the first place, the streets were crowded, and the walking was in record time. Philadelphia is a wide-stretching city, not a congested tenement one, and the workers in the business and shopping districts usually come in on the cars in droves. When the cars stop running, and a three-mile walk is necessary, it is also necessary to do it in fast time, in order not to be

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hopelessly late. It was evidently a great day for early rising and pedestrianism, but the Spectator cannot say that he saw many shining morning faces. Some enthusiasts had the little placard

"I WILL WALK"

stuck in their hat-bands, or worn as a corsage ornament; but the majority looked —and felt—discouraged. "I wouldn't mind it so much," one girl was saying to another, as the Spectator walked behind them, "if I didn't have to stand all day after I get there." She looked nervous and frail, and hers was doubtless only one of many such cases.

In fact, the morning newspaper contained a suggestive notice to the effect that scores of business workers were engaging temporary lodgings in the business districts, and that every room that householders could thus temporarily put into service was being hastily fitted up for occupancy. Automobiles were very much in evidence, and gave the streets a lively air. Not a car was in sight, up, down, or across, though they were supposed to be still running; and one effect of the strike was certainly grateful—the diminution of street noise. The Spectator found himself dreaming of the city of the future, where the cars will all run in subways, and where the din of the flat wheel and the clang of the hoarse bell will be happily eliminated.

In the department stores a deep and excusable gloom reigned. It was calculated that along Market Street the merchants were losing a quarter of a million a day, and it looked like it. There were crowds on the corners, but not of the buying sex. Five thousand men were said to be out on strike, and it appeared as if they were all in sight along the streets. Just as the Spectator had made up his mind that the company had found it impossible to run cars, three of them came slowly down Market Street in a bunch. It was the middle of the morning, in the most thoroughly policed portion of the city, so any disturbance seemed improbable. Yet the Spectator (though, as aforesaid, knowing nothing about the strike, and therefore taking no sides) would not have been a passenger on one of those advancing cars except from stern necessity. One extra-sized, heavy-weight policeman stood beside the motorman on each car. Another prize specimen guarded each rear platform, and two others sat in the car itself. The motormen were spare, catlike, adventurous-looking individuals, not seeming happy. The conductors were of the same rather furtive type. Yet in these plainly perilous surroundings what passengers there were were nearly all women, and women neatly dressed too, with hats of all the marked varieties at present in style (which would tempt any one of lawless proclivities to throw a brick at them entirely outside of sociological disturbances). After this the Spectator will hearken to no more talk about the weaker sex. A sex that will ride at ease, looking calmly out of the windows, in a car that strong men hesitate to take, is not to be labeled in any such way.

The cars came slowly along, and went, without any disturbance, by the spot where the Spectator stood. But on the next corner, where a crowd was massing closer every moment, stood a sky-scraper in process of erection, and the workmen in the upper stories took what might have literally been called a passing interest in the affair. One man on the corner, a burly iron-worker, shouted "Scab!" vociferously at the second conductor, and the conductor responded with a stream of profanity that augured ill for his moral character. In a second the iron-worker jumped on the car and pulled the conductor off under the very eyes of the big policeman, who thereupon collected himself and jumped to the rescue. Then it was everybody's fight. The iron-worker pummeled the conductor, the policeman pummeled the iron-worker, the crowd closed in on them both, hundreds of people came running, the riot call brought a squad of mounted police, and throughout it all the workmen, far above the scrimmage, enlivened it by an imitation of air-ship warfare, dropping bolts, nuts, rivets, stones, and bricks on the cars, smashing the glass of the windows, and at last breaking in the roof of one car, which by this time was emptied of all but the police, even the Amazonian

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passengers having decided that discretion was the better part of valor.

The police charged right into the crowd and rescued the conductor, still profane and not much hurt. The iron-worker could not be found. Nobody was badly injured, though the missiles from above hit one policeman on the head and struck one or two among the crowd. The police captain at once ordered all the foremen down from the building, and required them to give a list of the men on the different floors. That stopped the aerial artillery in short order, and the cars eventually proceeded on their way, minus anybody but the police as passengers.

"We're not complaining," said the cabman who drove the Spectator to the station that evening. "Every day of this is money in our pockets!" The Spectator found scores of amateur porters reaping a harvest by carrying hand luggage and piloting travelers from the station, the supply of cabs being too limited to go around. But the majority of people cannot afford cabs and porters; and as the Spectator left the City of Brotherly Love he thought of the trudging thousands that must plod wearily home and seek the lotion bottle. Pity the poor public, with a blister on its heel! It is the patient third party, with none of the excitement of the fight, and nothing to gain out of the settlement either way. Because it is the American public it stands it. But the Spectator wondered what would happen in a city where the public, instead of placarding itself "*I will walk*," adopted instead the placard "*We won't walk*," and then proceeded to enforce its power of eminent domain.

THE PASSING

BY WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH

Though life speeds on to its ending,
I am not afraid;
To protean earth descending,
I shall pass undismayed,
Who count the long learning and spending
By the dream outweighed.

Bleak winds from eternity blowing
Pass, leaving no trace;
The seed of an unfathomed sowing,
I must sink to my place.
May it be near a calm river's flowing,
Where grow green things apace,

Where happy lovers thereafter
Will pause as they roam,
And house room and sill and rafter
Will build them a home,
And there will be children's laughter
In the garden abloom.

Good that joy follows fast upon grieving;
Upon age, the babe's cry;
The cycle renewing, achieving,
Buried worlds, you and I;
Best that Love, sum of all our believing,
Best that Love cannot die!

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE life of Edward Everett Hale has about it a peculiar interest as a subject of study. The youngest member of his Harvard class—that of 1839—he was also the most distinguished among them and finally outlived them all. Personal characteristics which marked him when a freshman in college kept him young to the end of his days. When the Rev. Edward Cummings came to Dr. Hale's assistance in the South Congregational Church, he was surprised to find practically no young people in the parish, and still more surprised to know that Dr. Hale was ignorant of the fact. These parishioners were all young when Dr. Hale took them in charge, and to him they had always remained so, for he had invested them with his own flesh and undying spirit.

Probably no man in America, except Beecher, has aroused and stimulated so many minds as Hale, and his personal popularity was unbounded. He had strokes of genius, sometimes with unsatisfying results; yet failures never stood in his way, but seemed to drop from his memory in a few hours. An unsurpassable model in most respects, there were limitations which made him in some minor ways a less trustworthy example. Such and so curiously composed was Edward Everett Hale. He was the second son of a large family of sons and daughters, his parents being Nathan and Sarah Preston (Everett) Hale, and he was born in Boston April 3, 1822. His father was the editor of the leading newspaper in Boston, the Daily Advertiser, and most of his children developed, in one way or another, marked literary tastes. The subject of this sketch had before him, as a literary example and influence, the celebrated statesman and orator whose name he bore, and who was his mother's brother.

My own recollections of him begin quite early. Nearly two years younger than he, I was, like him, the youngest of my Harvard class, which was two years later than his. My college remembrances of him are vivid and characteristic. Living outside of the college yard, I was sometimes very nearly late for morning prayers; and more than once on such occasions, as I passed beneath the walls of Massachusetts Hall, then a dormitory, there would spring from the doorway a tall, slim young student who had, according to current report among the freshmen, sprung out of bed almost at the last stroke of the bell, thrown his clothes over the stairway, and jumped into them on the way down. This was Edward Everett Hale; and this early vision was brought to my mind not infrequently in later life by his way of doing maturer things.

The same qualities which marked his personal appearance marked his career. He was always ready for action, never stopped for trifles, always lacked but little of being one of the heroes or men of genius of his time. Nor can any one yet predict which of these will be the form finally taken by his fame. His capacity for work was unlimited, and he perhaps belonged to more societies and committees than any man living. In this field his exhaustless energy had play, but his impetuous temperament often proved a drawback and brought upon him the criticism of men of less talent but more accurate habits of mind. No denominational barriers existed for him. Ready to officiate in all pulpits and welcome in all, he left it unknown to the end of his life whether he did or did not believe in the Bible miracles, for instance. Nor did anybody who talked with him really care. His peculiar and attractive personality made him acceptable to all sorts of people and to men of all creeds; for his extraordinary versatility enabled him in his intercourse with other minds to adapt his sympathy and his language to the individual modes of thought and belief of each and all of them.

Some of his finest literary achievements were those which he himself had forgotten. Up to the last degree prolific, he

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left more than one absolutely triumphant stroke behind him in literature. The best bit of prose that I can possibly associate with him was a sketch in a newspaper bearing the somewhat meaningless title "The Last Shake," suggested by watching the withdrawal of the last man with a hand-cart who was ever allowed to shake carpets on Boston Common. He was, no doubt, a dusty and forlorn figure enough. But to Hale's ready imagination he stood for a whole epoch of history, for the long procession of carpet-shakers who were doing their duty there when Percy marched to Lexington, or when the cannonade from Breed's Hill was in the air. Summer and winter had come and gone, sons had succeeded their fathers at their work, and the beating of the carpets had gone on undrowned by the rising city's roar. At last the more fastidious aldermen rebelled, the last shake was given, and Edward Everett Hale wrote its elegy. I suppose I kept the little newspaper cutting on my desk for five years, as a model of what wit and sympathy could extract from the humblest theme.

Another stroke was of quite a different character. Out of the myriad translations of Homer, there is in all English literature but one version known to me of even a single passage which gives in a high degree the Homeric flavor. That passage is the description of the Descent of Neptune (Iliad, Book XIII), and was preserved in Hale's handwriting by his friend Samuel Longfellow, with whom I edited the book "Thalatta"—a collection of sea poems. His classmate, Hale, had given it to him when first written, and then had forgotten all about it. Had it not been printed by us there, it might, sooner or later, have found its way into that still unpublished magazine which Hale and I planned together, when we lived near each other in Worcester, Massachusetts—a periodical which was to have been called the Unfortunate's Magazine, and was to contain all the prose and verse sent to us by neighbors or strangers with request to get it published. I remember that we made out a title-page between us, with a table of contents, all genuine, for the imaginary first number. Such a book was to some extent made real in "Thalatta," and the following is Hale's brilliant Homeric translation:

THE DESCENT OF NEPTUNE

There sat he high retired from the seas;
There looked with pity on his Grecians beaten;
There burned with rage at the God-king who slew them.
Then rushed he forward from the rugged mountain;
He beat the forest also as he came downward,
And the high cliffs shook underneath his footsteps;
Three times he trod, his fourth step reached his sea-home.

There was his palace in the deep sea-water,
Shining with gold and builded firm forever;
And there he yoked him his swift-footed horses
(Their hoofs are brazen, and their manes are golden)
With golden thongs; his golden goad he seizes;
He mounts upon his chariot and doth fly;
Yea, drives he forth his steeds into the billows.

The sea-beasts from the depths rise under him—
They know their King: and the glad sea is parted,
That so his wheels may fly along unhinder'd.
Dry speeds between the waves his brazen axle:—
So bounding fast they bring him to his Grecians.

Earlier than this, in his racy papers called "My College Days," we get another characteristic glimpse of Hale as a student. The Sunday afternoon before being examined for admission to college he reports that he read the first six books of the Æneid (the last six having already been mastered) at one fell swoop, seated meantime on the ridge-pole of his father's house!

More firmly than on any of these productions Hale's literary fame now rests on an anonymous study in the Atlantic Monthly called "The Man Without a Country," a sketch of such absolutely lifelike vigor that I, reading it in camp during the Civil War, accepted it as an absolutely true narrative, until I suddenly came across, in the very midst of it, a phrase so wholly characteristic of its author that I sprang from my seat, exclaiming "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus;* Edward Hale or nobody." This is the story on which the late eminent critic, Wendell P. Garrison, of the Nation, once wrote (April 17,

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1902), "There are some who look upon it as the primer of Jingoism," and wrote to me ten years earlier, February 19, 1892, "What will last of Hale, I apprehend, will be the phrase 'A man without a country,' and perhaps the immoral doctrine taught in it which leads to Mexican and Chilean wars—'My country, right or wrong.'"

Be this as it may, there is no doubt that on this field Hale's permanent literary fame was won. It hangs to that as securely as does the memory of Dr. Holmes to his "Chambered Nautilus." It is the exiled hero of this story who gives that striking bit of advice to boys: "And if you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven!"

President James Walker, always the keenest of observers, once said of Hale that he took sides upon every question while it was being stated. This doubtless came, in part at least, from his having been reared in a newspaper office, or, as he said more tersely, having been "cradled in the sheets of the Advertiser" and bred to strike promptly. His strongest and weakest points seem to have been developed in his father's editorial office. Always ready to give unselfish sympathy, he could not always dispense deliberate justice. One of his favorite sayings was that his ideal of a committee was one which consisted of three persons, one of whom should be in bed with chronic illness, another should be in Europe, and he himself should be the third. It was one of his theories that clergymen were made to do small duties neglected by others, and he did them at a formidable sacrifice of time and in his own independent and quite ungovernable way. Taking active part for the Nation during the Civil War—so active that his likeness appears on the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common—he did not actually go to the war itself as chaplain of a regiment, as some of his friends desired; for they justly considered him one of the few men qualified to fill that position heartily, through his powerful voice, ready sympathy, and boundless willingness to make himself useful in every direction.

A very characteristic side of the man might always be seen in his letters. The following was written in his own hurried handwriting in recognition of his seventy-seventh birthday:

April 8, '99.

Dear Higginson:

Thanks for your card. It awaited me on my return from North Carolina last night.

Three score & ten as you know, has many advantages,—and as yet, I find no drawbacks.

Asa Gray said to me "It is great fun to be 70 years old. You do not have to know everything!"

I see that you can write intelligibly.

I wish I could—But I cannot run a Typewriter more than a Sewing-Machine.

Will the next generation learn to write—any more than learn the alphabet?

With Love to all yours
Truly & always
E E HALE.

This next letter was called out by the death of Major-General Rufus Saxton, distinguished for his first arming of the freed slaves:

Washington, D. C., Feb. 29, 1908.

Dear Higginson:

I have been reading with the greatest interest your article on Gen. Saxton.

It has reminded me of an incident here—the time of which I cannot place. But I think you can;—and if you can I wish you would write & tell me when it happened—and perhaps what came of it.

I was coming up in a street [car] when Charles Sumner came in & took a seat opposite me—The car was not crowded.

Every one knew him, and he really addressed the whole car—though he affected to speak to me. But he meant to have every one hear—& they did. He said substantially this

"The most important order since the war began has been issued at the War Department this morning.

"Directions have been given for the manufacture of a thousand pair of Red Breeches. They are to be patterned on the Red Trousers of the Zouaves—and are to be the uniform of the First Negro Regiment." He surprised the car—(as he meant to).

Now, 1. I cannot fix the date, can you?

2. Were the negro troops or any regiment of them ever clothed in the Zouave Uniform?

I remember there was a "Zouave" Regiment from New York City—

[I had the pleasure of informing him that my regiment, which he mentions, had been the only one disfigured by the scarlet trousers, which were fortunately very soon worn out and gladly banished. This was in August, 1862.]

It may be well enough to end these extracts from his correspondence with one of those bits of pure nonsense in which

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his impetuous nature delighted. This was on occasion of his joining the Boston Authors' Club:

Roxbury, Mass., April 10, 1903.

Dear Higginson:

One sometimes does what there is no need of doing. What we call here a Duke of Northumberland day is a day when one does what he darn chooses to do, without reference to the obligations of the social order. Such is to-day.

Did you ever hear the story of the graduate who never advanced in his studies farther than that Pythagorean man did who never could learn more than the first letters of the alphabet? I am reminded of it by the elegant monogram of our Club.

This young fellow's friends were very eager to get him through the university, so they sent him out from Boston in a

C A B

After two days he came

B A C

He then went to Cambridge on a three years course by taking electives which didn't require him to repeat the alphabet.

He learned to smoke

B A C C A

and at the end of the time the College made him

A B

His friends then sent him to the Cuban War, and he came out a Field Marshal, so that he was able to become a member of the

A B C F M

This was all I knew about him till this morning I have learned that after publishing his military memoirs he became a member of the

B A C

[Boston Authors' Club]

I am sorry to say that he already drank the Lager which was furnished him by the AMERICAN BOTTLING COMPANY

So no more at present from your old companion in arms,

EDWARD E HALE

A B 1839.

These letters give a glimpse at the more impetuous and sunny aspects of his life. Turning again to its severer duties, it is interesting to notice that in conducting the funeral services of Mr. F. A. Hill, the Secretary of the State Board of Education, Dr. Hale said in warm praise of that able man: "He lived by the spirit; I do not think he cared for method." The same was Hale's own theory also, or, at any rate, his familiar practice. He believed, for instance, that the school hours of a city should be very much shortened, yet never made it clear what pursuits should take their places; for it was the habit of his fertile brain to formulate schemes and allow others to work them out. Many of his suggestions fell to the ground, but others bore rich fruit. Among these latter are the various "Lend a Hand" clubs which have sprung up all over the country, not confining themselves to sect or creed, and having as their motto a brief verse of his writing. He went to no divinity school to prepare himself for preaching, and at one time did not see clearly the necessity of preliminary training for those who were to enter the pulpit. If his friends undertook laboriously to correct any inaccuracies in his published writings, he took every such correction with imperturbable and sunny equanimity, and, taxed with error, readily admitted it. His undeniable habit of rather hasty and inaccurate statement sprang from his way of using facts simply as illustrations. They served to prove his point or exemplify the principle for which he was contending. To verify his statements would often have taken too much time, and from his point of view was immaterial. It is hard for the academic mind, with its love of system, to accept this method of working, and his contemporaries sometimes regretted that he could not act with them in more business-like ways. They were tempted to compare his aims and methods to those of Eskimo dogs, each of which has to be harnessed separately to the sledge which bears the driver, or else they turn and eat each other up. When it came to the point, all of yesterday's shortcomings were forgotten next morning by him and every one else, in his readiness to be the world's errand-boy for little kindnesses. But in the presence—we will not say of death, but of a life lived for others, which is deathless—the critic's task seems ungenerous and unmeaning. This man's busy existence may not always have run in the accepted grooves, but its prevailing note was Love. If the rushing stream sometimes broke down the barriers of safety, it proved more often a fertilizing Nile than a dangerous Mississippi.

Followed and imitated by multitudes, justly beloved for his warmth of heart and readiness of hand, he had a happy and busy life, sure to win gratitude and affection when it ended. The children and the aged loved him almost to worshiping, and is there, after all, a better test?

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"THE CITY GETS FIFTY-FIVE PER CENT"

THE FOURTH PLAIN TALE FROM CHICAGO

BY C. NORMAN FAY

ABOUT twenty years ago, when I was still between the devil and the deep sea—that is, between stockholders and directors on the one hand, and press, politics, grafters, reformers, unions, courts, councils, and legislatures on the other—in the management of two public service corporations, I met one day the son of a distinguished editor. He was arguing with fine heat and much brilliancy a public question; and I asked him how it came about that he was a mere uneventful doctor, and not a hereditary autocrat of public opinion.

"My father," he replied, "made me promise, when I left college, to study and practice a profession until I reach the age of thirty-five, after which, if the call of the quill still echoes without, having done his best to prevent, he will no longer oppose."

"But why oppose now?" I said.

"Because," was the answer, "he thinks that under present conditions it is impossible to be a successful journalist and remain an honest man and a gentleman."

I did not altogether accept this proposition of my friend's father. We seldom accept the dicta of our fathers, and not too often our editors, for that matter; and this particular father and editor was a very sensitive man, keen on the point of honor. Such men seldom dominate their world, though often they rail upon it in good set terms. All the same, his words sank deep into my mind; for I had long realized that only luck which could not last was keeping my companies out of various situations in which their manager could hardly be successful and yet particularly scrupulous. However honest he might be, however good his intentions, he was practically helpless to protect his properties against the hostile spirit of the time.

That was twenty years ago. To-day all is changed. "The City Gets Fifty-five Per Cent." Such is the legend that greets the eye in every street car of the Chicago City Railway, together with a brief appeal to the public to join in making the street car service the best in the world by observing a few common-sense rules. The matter and the manner of this appeal constitute a new thing under the American sun, and are of joyful significance to an ex-manager of a public utility. Let me explain why.

By the treaty of peace, which eighteen months ago ended a ten years' warfare between Chicago and its street railways, all old franchises were abrogated and a new one for twenty years granted. Under it the city values the plant as it stands, provides for valuation also of extensions and betterments, including throughout a ten per cent construction profit and a five per cent bankers' commission, and reserves the right at any time to purchase the railways at the aggregate valuation. Until this right is exercised the companies retain the first five per cent earned net upon this valuation, as interest upon capital, and divide with the city any earnings in excess of five per cent, in the ratio of fifty-five per cent to the city and forty-five per cent to the companies. A joint commission is appointed to see that service and equipment are kept up to the highest standard of efficiency; and a rate of fare (five cents) known to be profitable, and conceded to be just in consideration of the long average passenger haul in Chicago, is established. I do not understand that the city agrees either to extend the franchise or purchase the property at the end of the twenty years; but so long as it does neither, apparently the companies can keep on operating. Consequently the situation may be summed up as follows:

An investor in Chicago Street Railways securities (which in this settlement were scaled down to actual values) can henceforward pretty certainly count upon receiving five per cent interest upon his capital, and forty-five per cent of any profit above that rate realized by good management out of a five-cent fare, until the city buys him out; when he is equally sure to get

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back his entire principal. For the securities issued will continue to represent the cost value of the plant, thoroughly kept up, and the city will pay that value.

To state it in another way. The people of Chicago recognize definitely and probably for all time the general principle that the private investor in a public utility is entitled, in consideration of honest management and good service, to rather better than simple interest upon his money; also to the return of that money in full, whenever the city decides to take his investment away from him.

This proposition has proven exceedingly attractive to investors and bankers, who seem by reason of its magic to have lost that greed for swollen profits which every muckraker knows has been their sole characteristic hitherto. It is already certain that the Chicago Street Railways can indefinitely and almost automatically finance their surely immense future growth by the timely sale of the necessary bonds; and there seems to be nothing particular to gain by municipal operation. The settlement looks permanent. A still happier result, however, of the community of interest and open reciprocity established with the traction companies, since the city gets fifty-five per cent, is that a fresh breeze off Lake Michigan seems to sweep clean away to the Bad Lands that black and filthy cloud of graft, demagogy, and antagonism that, like a London fog, blocked progress for a generation. Let me illustrate conditions as they were in my time by one or two actual experiences. I could give a hundred.

In the early years of the Chicago Telephone Company its rapid growth was entirely overhead, with aerial wires suspended upon poles or housetops. Its linemen usually got permission to use the latter, but sometimes from the wrong person, or maybe even from nobody at all. In winter nights, when winds blow cold, such housetop wires sing once in a while, like the wailing of damnèd spirits, and plague the owners of those houses. This happened to a certain alderman. A few weeks later he took his little revenge by smuggling into the final engrossment of a pending revision of all the city ordinances a section requiring all wires to be put underground; the engrossed revision was then adopted as a whole, and this underground joker, without attracting the least attention beforehand, became the law.

At that time no insulation had been devised which would prevent the transfer of talk from wire to wire by induction; and conversation by underground telephone cables was unexpectedly general, and often vivacious to the point of profanity. In fact, the law was impossible; and had it not been, the cost of obeying it would have confiscated the entire capital of the Company. To go to the Council for a repeal would have been to walk straight into the jaws of the Gray Wolves, as Chicago calls its aldermanic grafters. To appeal to the courts for an injunction restraining the city from enforcing the law was equally dangerous—as the original franchise was none too valid, so counsel thought. To attempt to agitate about the clandestine passage of the law would have been useless; for we had consolidated the Bell and Edison Exchanges the year before and created a monopoly. To be sure, the press and public had for a year or two been demanding a unified service, one exchange instead of two—but *not a monopoly*—see?

The thing was serious indeed. What should the management do? Trade with the Wolves? Risk an appeal to the courts? Or go out of business? Fortunately, we found a way to side-step, as Battling Nelson, autobiographer, would say; and I arranged a not too solid or legal *modus vivendi* with Mayor Harrison, the elder, by which his administration should take no steps to enforce the new law so long as the Telephone Company should continue to spend $10,000 per annum in underground experiment and development. This we did in good faith, and so remained in business; but all extensions were stopped, and all new orders declined, except where it was possible to sneak a wire on to existing poles about four o'clock in the morning. After a time the cable manufacturers produced a practical underground system, though requiring two wires for every one formerly used; but for several years, and until the uncertainty regarding the telephone franchise was ended by the passage of a new one, new capital was withheld, the business stood still, and only such extensions were

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made as could be financed out of earnings. Those who wanted telephones had to go without, though they offered large premiums above ordinary rates for wires. This proved a blessing in disguise to the Company, as it saved building a lot of overhead wires only to destroy them again—*but it did not help the men who needed telephones.*

Take another illustration, this time from the Gas business. After the Gas Trust was formed, the gang in the Council, then practically omnipotent, sent word to the management that it wanted and must have, for private distribution, a "rake-off" of twenty-five cents per thousand feet (about $150,000 per annum) out of the city's gas bill for street lamps and public buildings; if not forthcoming, the gas appropriation would not pass, but a first appropriation for a city electric lighting plant would, to be followed each year by others. This request was ignored, and both threats were made good.

As the appropriation bills are usually passed in April, the city already owed the gas companies for the first four months of the year. The appropriation was held back for further months; but the gas lamps went on burning as usual, and the bills remained unpaid until the city owed several hundred thousand dollars, which the Treasurer had no legal warrant to pay. The financial pressure upon the Company grew fierce, and the directors called on me for action. Money was needed for payment of construction bills and bond interest. Collection by legal proceedings could never provide it in time; it could not be borrowed; no new bonds could be sold while the suits to dissolve the Trust were pending. The Citizens' Association, the press, and the public were bitterly antagonistic. No one would have raised a finger to keep the Company out of a receiver's hands.

I advised the directors that if the city were treated like other delinquent debtors —if, after reasonable notice, the gas were turned off and the town left in darkness, and if, moreover, the *reasons why* were given to the public in full, the Company's moral position would be unassailable, and, in my belief, public pressure would force the passage of the appropriation and the payment of the bill. The directors were afraid of so unusual and drastic a course; but some were willing to risk it if the press would back it up. I went, therefore, to two leading editors, proposing to fight the gang on this rake-off proposition in the open, and call a spade a spade, if they would help. They *declined;* on the ground that we were merely taking advantage of a chance to cater for popularity and divert attention from the main issue—the people versus unlawful monopoly and dear gas.

Once more I ask, What was the management to do? Trade with the gang and pass into its power forever? Plunge the city into darkness, at the risk of innocent lives and property, and unknown consequences to follow? Default in payment of bond interest, perhaps sacrifice the stockholders by a receivership, and certainly shake the last remnant of confidence out of the markets for our securities? Verily, we were "up against it." What we finally did do that year was to offer a reduction of the then price of gas on the West Side, namely $1.50, to the $1.25 figure already prevailing on the North and South Sides of the city, in exchange for the belated passage of the gas appropriation. The West Side aldermen, whether gangsters or not, could not well dodge an open offer of this character; the appropriation was passed just in time, and we were saved for that year. The next year I dodged that and other ticklish troubles by resigning.

These experiences are typical of numerous others, great and small, which fell to my lot during fourteen years. Every manager can match them, if willing to talk. The fact is, the manager of a public utility is confronted by a condition, not a theory, whose evolution is about as follows:

At the beginning, things go well and without graft. A new utility is almost always welcomed by aldermen, press, and public, as affording a needed service. It is popular, its business grows fast, and investors take its securities freely. Bond interest is earned and paid, and after two or three years perhaps dividends are in sight upon its stock.

Before long, trouble begins. As the utility becomes an old story it becomes a target for criticism. Perhaps by bad

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luck or bad management it has offended a few patrons, who have written to the press; perhaps its manager has given a crisp answer to some strenuous reporter in a moment of irritation. People begin to hear of arrogant monopolies and soulless corporations. This has its effect when new issues of capital attract the attention of the press, its critical and often hostile attention; for about this time appears a difficulty which I have never known to be sufficiently provided for in advance—the incredible growth of the business, and the unforeseen rise in standards of service demanded by the public. These far transcend the avails of original capitalization. New stocks and bonds must be put out for betterments and extensions, often before an income is earned upon the old ones; and now the reports of earnings which usually accompany new issues are closely scrutinized. If good, the company is held by the critics to be making too much money—"robbing the people." If bad (in which case a much larger volume of new stocks and bonds must be offered at lower prices in order to raise the same amount), the company is issuing "watered" securities on which the people will have to pay interest later.

However, the money must be had, and the issues are made, and other issues follow. The company looms large, and perhaps some "magnate" connected with it rather likes "water," and in handling its many millions sticks to a few himself. People grumble.

The stage is now set for the entrance of the agitator and the grafter. The agitator, on the platform or in the press, says the company should be regulated thus and so. The grafter sees his chance, and introduces into council or legislature one or two blackmailing measures under the guise of regulation. Perhaps he first goes to a broker and sells a few shares of the company's stock "short," which he "covers" when the market breaks, after publication of his raid upon the company. At the proper time he sends word to the manager that the ugly bills can be smothered in committee, or otherwise killed, for a consideration. If no response is received, they are pushed a step or two towards passage, and another message sent to the manager. Meantime the daily papers are cleverly stirred up to ask why this or that bill slumbers in committee; so as to worry the manager a bit. Sometimes he weakens and pays; often he fights and beats the bills squarely by individual effort among the members who vote upon them. Whichever he does, he gets credit in the press for winning out by bribery. This happens at every session from year to year.

It is much the same with personal injury claims. If the manager settles promptly and for a moderate sum, the press credits him with driving a quick, hard bargain with a poor injured man. If he fights, the jury are against the company; or if by any chance they are not, the charge of "jury-fixing" is fastened on the manager. He grows cynical; the people grow savage.

Finally enters the politician: the utility has now become a political issue. The slogan is "Rob the Robbers." The older machine politicians are usually slow to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, but the Socialist and the agitator frame up a simple, strenuous platform, like this: "These utility owners are thieves. Their directors and managers are criminals. *We* have created this property, not they. It is *our* utility, our *necessity*. Our money supports it; our growth enriches it. It is *ours*. Aldermen, statesmen, judges, give us back our own!"

The platform wins, and forthwith aldermen, statesmen, and judges get busy to obey.

The investor, good easy man, has all this time been a sort of Danny Dreamer. He supposed that putting his savings into the public service on the faith of a public franchise was an honest enough business transaction. He awakes with a jolt to find it a misdemeanor, punishable by forfeiture of all he has risked. He trusted his directors and manager as well-known, honorable, and progressive men, and pointed with pride to the growth of the business as evidence of the efficiency and value of the service rendered. He suddenly finds instead that they are dishonest, incompetent, greedy criminals; the service wretched, the charge extortionate!

When this storm of hatred bursts upon

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him, it is hard to say whether he is more dazed or indignant, but he quickly realizes that he is a modern Ishmael, with every man's hand against him. His first instinct is to sell out, and stop his loss instanter; but his securities fall in the market so fast that he can't make up his mind to the sacrifice. That is where he blunders. His next impulse is to shut his pocketbook like a clam. No matter what the company's needs, no more of its stocks and bonds for him. On the contrary, he gives the word to stop all extensions and improvements, cut expenses, stint service, get out every dollar possible and put nothing in, ready to let the devil take the hindmost when the franchise runs out. Paralysis settles down upon the unfortunate utility.

Meantime the manager feels as disgusted as a mule in a hailstorm—no use to run, and can't kick anything—nothing to do but stand and take pounding from all points of the compass; from the public, the stockholders, from enemies and friends. Impossible to please anybody, or fight everybody. If he is so circumstanced as to be able to resign, he is very apt to; if not, he grins and bears it.

Is this just? Has the Chicago investor deserved this miserable situation? Has he robbed the people? Let us look at the record of his investments in Chicago.

The gas companies originally were entitled by charters and ordinances to charge $3.50 and later $2.50 per thousand feet for gas. After two of them were bankrupted by the $1 gas war in '85 and '86, the hated Gas Trust was formed, which raised the price to $1.25, then the low price in the United States for manufactured illuminating gas. The Company is still a monopoly, but the price of gas has fallen to 85 cents. The Company has now been going fifty years, and about fifty million dollars has been put into it. Its securities are worth in the market about twenty-seven million dollars more that that sum; so that its profits in excess of very moderate dividends have averaged but one per cent per annum. Is that robbery?

The Telephone Exchange was a new and wonderful utility, which might reasonably have enriched its creators. Its franchise was granted, not bought; its stock fully paid in cash; no frenzied finance disgraced it. Its service rate was voluntarily and almost unanimously accepted by its customers, twenty-seven years ago, when they were offered the choice of the joint service of the former competing exchanges at $125 per annum, or the single service of either exchange at the former price of $75. Yet the price to-day covers sixty times as many telephones, and six times as many daily calls per telephone, as it did then. The Company's stock and bonds are worth at present market quotations about seven million dollars more than the twenty-five million dollars originally put into them. This also means an average gain above fair dividends of about one per cent per annum. Is it robbery?

Up to the commencement of their ten years' bedevilment over their franchises, the Chicago Street Railways had been most progressive. People called the famous Yerkes many bad names, but admitted that he was a street railway man. His cable cars, trolley cars, electric elevateds, each in their day, were the "*dernier cri*" of rapid transit. He found and left a five-cent fare, which is still considered just; but he doubled the length and halved the time of a five-cent ride. He was accused with entire falsehood, it seems to me, of robbing the *people*. In service value, at least, he did no such thing. He did help to poison our politics, he robbed his *stockholders* by stock-watering to the limit, and he skipped out to London with ten millions of their money. To get even with *him*, Chicago turned to, to strip *them* of what he had left. Was that fair?

The market value of all three properties, telephone, gas, and street railways, exclusive of securities representing rehabilitation of the latter now going on, is roughly $150,000,000.

By way of comparison, consider the record of the single mercantile house of Marshall Field & Company, which, commencing business about the same time as the street railway and gas companies, and long before the telephone company, with comparatively a nominal investment, created fortunes for its partners, Messrs. Palmer, Field, Leiter, and some ten juniors, which may safely be estimated at

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$175,000,000. Yet no one talks of robbery.

Human nature! Human nature! Not much difference in things; but lots in the way you look at them—a fact evidently apparent to that judge of human nature, Mr. Walter Fisher. For the sense of partnership, of community of interest established by that constructive conception of his, "the City gets fifty-five per cent," has already taken off the curse which rested for so many years upon the Chicago street railways. They are forging mightily ahead, as popular with their patrons as with the bankers; while the fifty-five per cent is yielding about $1,500,000 of annual income to the city.

Had relations like this existed between the city and the telephone and gas companies in my time, would my alderman of the wind-swept wire have tried so incontinently to bury alive a great utility in which the city had a lucrative interest? Or would my friends the editors have so complacently done their best to throw gas company and city alike into the jaws of the gray wolves? No, never. Such questions answer themselves.

There could be, by the way, no better illustration of the evil results to all concerned of popular unfairness than is afforded by this traction war. It produced for a time a magnificent opportunity for Yerkes's friends, the grafters, of which they made the most; but graft can go only a very little way against a popular movement, and Yerkes had gone that limit before he quit. The opportunity passed from the grafters to the politicians, and they in turn worked it for all it was worth. As in the telephone and gas cases above described, the management was absolutely helpless. No settlement was reached—nor, in my belief, could have been reached by any management, however broad or unselfish—until Chicago reluctantly concluded that no pots of gold were buried where the rainbow of municipal ownership seemed to touch the ground; until ten years' endurance of filthy cars and rotten service and sheer necessity of better things at last opened the public mind to the thought that, after all, the man who invests in the public service is not a public enemy.

Perhaps some one will say, "The moral of all this is municipal ownership." Well, Glendower boasted in his day—

> "I can call spirits from the vasty deep,"

and skeptic Hotspur answered:

> "Why, so can I, or so can any man;
> But will they come when you do call for them?"

For Glendower read Mayor Dunne or Mayor Johnson, for Hotspur read Chicago or Cleveland, and for spirits read millions, and the quotation is pat. Nevertheless, the millions *would* come if Aladdin's lamp were rubbed. There are weightier arguments against municipal ownership. Here are some:

Those who manage municipally owned utilities are in practice responsible only to the dominant political party—ofttimes a most reluctant guardian of the public good—while the managers of privately owned utilities are not only jealously held to account for good service by parties, press, councils, courts, etc., but in addition are responsible to their stockholders for thrift and honesty. Compare, for instance, the public's indifference to the waste and fraud from time to time unearthed in the Chicago water office, with its fierce alertness against the gas and telephone monopolies! If "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," then better is private ownership.

There is a sound old business rule, that every concern should simplify; and attempt no more kinds of business than absolutely necessary. I believe in applying this rule to government also; and that the fewer functions undertaken by government, the better for good government.

To my way of thinking, it would be a mistake of the first magnitude to bring "labor" into politics on so great a scale as to transfer the thousands of employees of the great utilities to the city pay-roll. "Labor," like the rest of the community, should be subject to the control of the government, and should not itself largely constitute the government. Do we in America wish to face such a situation as was developed by the Paris post-office strike a few weeks ago?

Finally, as a dollar spent by government everywhere in the world goes about as far as sixty cents spent by private thrift, the people are reasonably certain to pay less for the same service under private

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ownership; for profits are nothing like the difference.

With the foregoing reasons for preferring private to municipal ownership of utilities, this prolix tale must close. It is written from the view-point of the corporation manager, not as an "*apologia pro vita sua*," but to present a side of that much-mooted case "Public vs. Public Utility Company," which the average muck-raker does not see—perhaps does not care to see. Its moral is that Public Honesty to the Public Servant is the best Public Policy; and that if the People will but be fair to Capital, it will serve them better than they can serve themselves.

Chicago has fought a ten years' traction war, costing her perhaps three ordinary years' growth and a hundred millions in general values, in order to squeeze out of Mr. Yerkes's unfortunate dupes another ten millions of their savings. Having done this to them, she has turned to their successors, the financial world in general, with a childlike smile and the fairest, soundest, most welcome proposals imaginable, providing liberally for the investor, and even for those useful ex-devils, the banker and promoter. They might better have been made ten years before; yet it is good for the rest of us, if hard on the losers, that at last a trail has been blazed for honesty through a wilderness of public and private greed. The pioneers in civics and finance will doubtless follow it, the rank and file that come after will broaden and level it, the swamps of corruption will be drained, the gray wolves driven from their lairs, and—to round out the metaphor—the unwasted forests of our public service will yield the pure and abundant waters of the public good.

GEORGE MEREDITH

BY MAY SINCLAIR

AUTHOR OF "THE DIVINE FIRE," ETC., ETC.

GEORGE MEREDITH was born before his time, and he has died before it, as a young man dies. For fifty-five years he labored, bringing forth the long and splendid procession of his masterpieces, from "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," a novel of absolute and incomparable greatness, to "The Amazing Marriage," which would alone have proved greatness in a lesser man. And he has not yet come into his own. He is king to the kings and the great lords of literature, but he can in no way be said to reign by the voice of the sovran people. After a long period of obscurity he has passed into the eternal possession of the few. But although by a dreadful fate he became for a time the prey of the cultured, who are fairly numerous, the great, heavy mass of people who read, or think they read, cannot stand Meredith.

And to-day, among the cultured and the critical who do read him, there is a reaction against him. Nobody doubts his greatness nor the divinity of it. Nobody dares suggest that he did not produce great literature. The tendency is to complain that it was literature that he insisted on reproducing, and not life. Some of us deny that he was either a great novelist or a great poet.

The younger generation of novelists are all for a conscientious realism, and we have a few young critics who are conscientious, too. And Meredith is peculiarly baffling to these. He eludes all their attempts to catch and label him. He seems to them now a realist of considerable piety, and now a romanticist of the kind they most abhor. Already, before his death, they were trying to place him. They are painfully anxious, elaborately careful not to place him wrong. And he refuses to be placed.

He did away with their preposterous labels once for all, twenty-three years ago, when, in the first chapter of "Diana of

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the Crossways," he proclaimed himself a prophet of "The Real," and at the same time told us that our Realists were our "castigators for not having yet embraced Philosophy."

He defined fiction as "the summary of actual Life, the within and the without of us." It was as a novelist, a writer of fiction, that he came forward for judgment, and it is as a novelist that they arraign him to-day, allowing him to be a philosopher and, perhaps, as it were by the skin of his teeth, a poet.

Now, to measure his greatness, not as a philosopher, nor yet as a poet, but as a novelist, we must remember the position of the novelist in the Victorian age. He found himself between the devil of realism and the deep sea of sentiment, a horrible position. It distorted his whole attitude to life and his view of the Real. Meredith was the first to deliver the English novel from that degradation. He was the first to see that it is sentiment and not conscience that makes novelists cowards. He recognized Sentimentalism for what it is, the "fine flower of sensualism," and through its very fineness the subtlest source of spiritual corruption. He knew that Sentiment—Early Victorian Sentiment—piled to its height topples over into the mire. He saw it as the mother of all shams and all hypocrisies, the nurse of monstrous illusions. Thackeray, the greatest novelist of his time, who stood nearest to Meredith in sincerity and fearlessness and hatred of shams, Thackeray was afraid, and put it on record that he was afraid, to tell the truth about a man. He said it in his preface to "Pendennis," and he laid his cowardice to the account of the Society which had brought fiction to this pass.

Meredith knew nothing of that fear. "Imagine," he said, "the celestial refreshment of having a pure decency in the place of sham; real flesh; a soul born active, wind-beaten, but ascending. Honorable will fiction then appear; honorable, a fount of life, an aid to life, quick with our blood. Why, when you behold it you love it—and you will not encourage it—or only when presented by dead hands!"

His message to his generation was, "Follow the Real. Do not be led by the tainted sentimental lure. Trust yourselves to Nature, though she make havoc of your sentiment." For at the heart of Nature he discerned the fiery spiritual pulse, through and beyond Nature the purifying liberated flame. Thus he escapes his captors who would hold him to pure paganism.

The unity of nature and spirit and the return to spirit through nature is Meredith's philosophy. He found his generation sickly, and for the cure of its sickliness he prescribed Philosophy. By Philosophy he did not mean anything abstract, anything the least metaphysical, anything really incomprehensible to our arbiter of letters, the man in the street. Meredith's philosophy is brain-stuff, thought that makes up half of the fabric of the world. "Idea," he said, "is vital." He was an idealist only to that extent. Brains to be any good must have blood in them, and that is where the heart comes in. No man, no writer, had a greater and a fierier heart at the service of his brain. And so again he escapes the grasp of those who would place him among the unhumanized, inaccessible exponents of the cold Idea, who say that his appeal was not to the universal human heart, but to the by no means universal human intellect.

Now our conscientious young critics have no quarrel with Meredith's philosophy as a philosophy. Their contention is that, as a novelist, he had no right to have any philosophy at all. They resent it as an unwarrantable interference with his drama, an irritating interruption to his story. They attack it on artistic grounds, and because of it they persuade themselves that Meredith was not a great novelist. Which only proves that they have forgotten their Meredith. Nobody who reads his novels with any care will find his philosophy intruding where it can do harm. You will not come across it at any of the intenser psychological moments, in any of the great dramatic scenes, or in any of his inspired passages. It is at its height in "Diana" and "The Egoist," but even there it is confined to the prologue and the interludes. Except by way of comment it is almost entirely absent from "Richard Feverel," "Rhoda Fleming," "Evan Harrington," "Harry Richmond," and "Beauchamp's Career."

For Meredith was before all things a

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great dramatist and a great psychologist, if he was not always a straightforward teller of his tale. And to be those two things is, I take it, to be a great novelist, even if a man happens to have at the same time an irritating philosophy.

Other and more serious charges have been brought against him by our cautious and yet irritable young men. We are all tired of hearing that Meredith is obscure, that he sins by excess, by a vice of temperament, by all sorts of exuberance and eccentricity. It tires us and it annoys us too, for we feel that there is a certain truth in it. But we are also told that he is not a great novelist, not a novelist at all, for the simple reason that he is a poet. And that is interesting. To be a poet, it would seem, is even more disastrous than to be a philosopher. For, after all, Meredith's philosophy embraced the real. But his poetry, they tell us, spoils all that. Because, you see, his lyrical passages express his own emotions and not the emotions of his characters, and *this* is why he fails to produce the "illusion of reality."

It sounds plausible; it looks as if there might be a certain amount of truth in it. But that is only at first sight. Meredith's lyric passages are there precisely because they do express, as nothing else could, the emotion of his characters. For emotion, at its climax, is powerless to express itself or anything. Lucy in love, Richard in love, are dumb, but all heaven is sounding through them, and it is that sound of all heaven which Meredith's prose gives us. True, his method destroys the spectacular illusion for a moment, but it does so that it may preserve the illusion of emotion, of passion, of reality at its highest intensity. Compare him with Dickens in this matter of emotion. Dickens, working himself up into blank verse over the death of Little Nell, is Dickens feeling something about Little Nell and trying to express his feeling. But Meredith in his "Diversion Played on a Penny Whistle" is rendering the song of the souls of Richard and Lucy. *They*, poor dears, can only say:

> "Lucy, my beloved!"
> "Oh, Richard!"

It is all part of his art, his very perfect art.

And it is the same with the "Comic Spirit." The Comic Spirit is not Meredith. It is the Spirit immanent in the world and akin to Mr. Hardy's immortal Ironies. It is part-creative. Even in "The Egoist," where it is rampant, its play is not the play of the author intoxicated by his own wit, making merry over the behavior of Sir Willoughby Patterne. It is not doing anything over or about or around Sir Willoughby. It is really in him, though he knows it not. The Comic Spirit is an aspect of the cosmic reality in which Sir Willoughby has his being. For the essence of Sir Willoughby is to be absurd, and the Comic Spirit, exposing his absurdity, is the revealer of the eternal verity in him.

Meredith never destroys the "illusion of reality." It is the illusion of actuality that he tampers with. It may be conceded at once that he had not a very keen sense of the actual, or of local atmosphere and surroundings. His characters appear to be surrounded only by the cosmic spaces. He does not present them circumscribed by any parochial or urban or suburban boundary. He seldom if ever paints an interior. His scenic effects we remember best are always of the open air. At the same time he has a profound sense of the bonds, restrictions, distinctions of society and race and class. For these things work in the flesh and blood of a man, they are part of the drama of his soul. That is what Meredith shows us in "Rhoda Fleming," in "Beauchamp's Career," in "Harry Richmond," and in "Evan Harrington," all masterly reproductions of English social and provincial life in the Victorian age.

But they tell us that it is not Meredith's method only that is all wrong. Art, they say, is concerned only with the average, the normal (let it pass), and Meredith wrote of extraordinary people in an extraordinary way. This, we are to believe, applies especially to his women. They are all goddesses, or, if not goddesses, all women six feet high. In this, they tell us, his art is inferior to that of Mr. Hardy. If he desired immortality, he should have written about simple people in a simple way. He should have chosen for his tragedies the elemental passions and treated them elementally. He should have written, in short, like Mr. Hardy.

On the other hand, we also hear that,

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setting out as he does to be subtle, he is not half subtle enough. He should, to produce the perfect illusion of reality, have written more like Mr. Henry James. As it is, he is a victim to the fallacy of the master passion, the dominant note in character, and thus he gives us bare types instead of the rich, intricate web of inconsistencies, the splendid irrelevances and surprises which make up individuality in real life. Sir Willoughby Patterne, for instance, is an egoist, always an egoist, and nothing but an egoist; and no man ever was nothing but one thing.

This is a strange criticism of a man who knew more than any other how to reproduce the very accent and gesture of the soul. What justice there is in it applies only to "The Egoist." There Meredith comes perilously near to the artificial comedy of Molière, where the Misanthrope is always a Misanthrope, and Tartuffe forever Tartuffe. In real life, that is to say, in the eyes of the Omniscient or of Mr. Henry James, Sir Willoughby Patterne would not perhaps appear so manifestly and invariably the Egoist he is. It is equally true that in real life if a man is an egoist he will behave and he will feel remarkably like Sir Willoughby Patterne.

And our critics have forgotten Clara Middleton, Cecilia, and all the irrelevances and inconsistencies of the divine Diana. Mr. Henry James would be the first to take off his hat to them.

As for the everlasting comparison with Mr. Hardy, it is futile as any comparison must be between two masters equally supreme in their separate territories. But it raises interesting questions: Are their territories, after all, so separate? Is it true that Meredith did not understand elemental men and women? It is certainly true that he wrote mostly about people in whom either breeding, or education, or the possession of a restless intellect obscures the working of the large tragic passions. The modern world is full of such, full, above all, of such women. And Meredith claimed to have discovered the modern woman, "animated . . . with the fires of positive brain-stuff." He was the first to see that the sentimentalism (again!) of his time was degradation to its women.

Even Thackeray, with his exceeding tenderness and chivalry, Thackeray, who owned himself afraid to tell the truth about a man, did not know as Meredith knew, the truth about a woman. Or perhaps he knew it and was still more afraid. Meredith knew the truth and the whole truth and dared to tell it, dared to give the leading rôle to those large-brained, large-hearted women of his—Diana and Clara and Ottilia and Cecilia Halkett and Rose Jocelyn, Aminta and Carinthia Jane. Charlotte Brontë's Shirley and the great women of George Eliot—Maggie Tulliver, Dorothea Brooke, and Dinah Morris—are small beside them. They are modern women, and we cannot complain of their stature as abnormal, for modern women are often six feet high.

These are his extraordinary women. But when he chose he could draw very ordinary women, and men too, and draw them as the masters draw. Look at Ripton Thompson, Algernon Blancove, Mrs. Lovell, "Emmy" and Sir Lukin, Jenny Denham; even Nevil Beauchamp is not extraordinary in our critics' sense; and the list could be extended indefinitely.

As for the elemental and the simple people, Tess is not more elemental in her tragedy than Claire Doria Forey or Dahlia Fleming or even poor Julie in "Evan Harrington." And Thomas in Yeobright is not more divinely simple than Lucy Feverel, nor is Rhoda Fleming less captivating in her moral beauty than Marty South. For the rest, Hardy's women and Meredith's women are "sisters under their skin."

Still, it is inevitable to place Hardy and Meredith side by side, for they are the last of our great novelists, and in many ways they are akin. Both are philosophers, both poets, and in both philosophy is, like their poetry, the result of temperament. Mr. Hardy's genius is bound to make for the simpler and the larger tragedy, seeing that he regards the lives of men and women as so many sacrifices to the eternal, insatiable lust of Nature, and they themselves as the playthings of an implacably ironic Destiny.

But to Meredith, Nature, for all her darkness and austerity, is the mother of all joy, or all the sanities and sanctities. The natural love of men and women was

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to him of all things the sanest and most sacred. Their tragedy is not their subservience to Nature, but their falling from her, their sins against her immanent deity.

His poems sprang from this joy of his genius in Nature, its adoration of all the robust and splendid energies of life. Our young critics, more conscientious than ever as they approach this divinest side of him, have suggested that his philosophy spoils his poems as it spoils his novels. They cite "The Reading of Earth" and "The Woods of Westermain." To be sure, in all his great nature poems there are aisles and dells of darkness, interminable secret mazes, lost ways of "The Questions" traversing the Enchanted Woods. Yet every way, faithfully followed, leads us into almost intolerable light. Something happens, and we find the Meredithian philosophy (which was, after all, more an instinct than a philosophy) transmuted into the Meredithian mysticism as by fire. His message sings clear.

"Then your spirit will perceive
Fleshly seed of fleshly sins
Where the passions interweave.
How the serpent tangle spins
Of the sense of Earth misprised,
Brainlessly unrecognized,
She being Spirit in her clods,
Footway to the God of Gods."

But besides "The Woods of Westermain" and "The Reading of Earth," Meredith wrote "The Lark Ascending," that continuous, lucid, liquid song of rapture,

"Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical."

He wrote "Love in the Valley," and that profoundest, subtlest, most concentrated of human tragedies, "Modern Love." There are lines there that gleam and cut like steel, dividing the intricate web of soul and body. It is the dissection of heart nerves and brain-cells, a lacerating psychology masquerading in a procession of linked quatrains.

Yet the same genius, so delicately analytic, brought forth with a stupendous and Titanic energy the "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life." Among these is "The Nuptials of Attila," where the verse rushes downwards in tumult and in torrent like the hosts of the armored Huns, a poem barbaric, superb, resonant with the clamor of battle. There is "King Harald's Trance," a masterpiece of grim and terrible simplicity. And there is "The Song of Theodolinda," that supreme hymn of the passion of martyrdom, of divine ecstasy in torture, of torture perishing in ecstasy.

The most perfervid passages of Crashaw's Hymn to Saint Teresa are cold beside Meredith's fire. And the art of it is transcendent. Every line glows with furnace heat, and beats in its terrible assonances, with the strokes of the hammer:

"This that killed Thee, kissed Thee, Lord!
Touched Thee, and we touch it: dear,
Dark it is; adored, abhorred,
Vilest, yet most sainted here.
Red of heat, O white of heat,
In it hell and heaven meet.

. . . . . .

Brand me, bite me, bitter thing!
Thus He felt, and thus I am
One with Him in suffering
One with Him in bliss, the Lamb.
Red of heat, O white of heat,
This is bitterness made sweet.

Now am I who bear that stamp
Scorched in me, the living sign
Sole on earth—the lighted lamp
Of the dreadful day divine.
White of heat, beat on it fast,
Red of heat, its shape has passed.

. . . . . .

Kindle me to constant fire,
Lest the nail be but a nail!
Give me wings of great desire,
Lest I look within and fail!
Red of heat, the furnace light,
White of heat, fix on my sight.

Never for the chosen peace!
Know, by me tormented know,
Never shall the wrestling cease
Till with our outlasting Foe
Red of heat to white of heat
Roll we to the Godheads' feet!
Beat, beat! White of heat,
Red of heat, beat, beat!"

If he had written nothing else, that one poem would be enough to insure his immortality.

And some of the younger generation, which is so conscientious and so cautious, are wondering whether Meredith will live. Posterity, they think, is hardly likely to tolerate what his contemporaries cannot endure. There is much in him, they say, which is intolerable.

Well, there is much in Fielding, in Scott, in Thackeray, which is intolerable. And yet they live. We still read Fielding,

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in spite of his perpetual digressions, and the essays with which he dislocates his chapters. We read Scott, in spite of his interminable descriptive passages; and Thackeray, in spite of his digressions, and of his mortal tendency to moralize in all places of his narrative. It is only reasonable to suppose that Meredith will be read in spite of everything, even of his obscurity. For nothing can kill the novelist if the novelist is there; and in all Meredith's novels the novelist is supreme. Who, when he thinks of "The Egoist," really remembers anything but the sublime performances of Sir Willoughby Patterne or the ways of Clara Middleton? Who would dream of judging the terrible and poignant tragedy of Richard Feverel by fragments from "The Pilgrim's Scrip"? Who, as he sees Diana keeping her watch by her dead friend, or kneeling by the hearth of Crossways House, will be unchivalrous enough to remember her as a woman who attempted more epigrams than she ever brought to perfection? And there is Emmy under the surgeon's knife, and Sir Lukin raving in his remorse. There is Emilia forsaken and Dahlia betrayed, and they are flesh and blood that no "Idea," no philosophy, can destroy. And flesh and blood they had need be to stand in the presence of their creator. Meredith's personality is so overpowering that at times it comes between us and his creations. He has not, as lesser men have had, the habit of detachment. No novelist has it completely, nor can have it. He betrays his own nature more subtly or more inevitably than any other artist, for he handles directly the stuff of life, and we know him by the manner of his handling. It is impossible to read Meredith without seeing him to be before all things clean-souled and courageous and passionately sincere. We divine that there is no greatness and no splendor in his work that had not its match in him. His powers were finely mingled. His intellect was blood-warm and had a heart in it, beating like a pulse of flame, and emotion in him was a spiritual thing, as if the courses of his blood flashed light. To feel, with him, was to see more and not less clearly.

It is not conceivable that he will not live, he who had more life, more virile, fertilizing energy, than any writer of the two generations that he saw rise round him and pass away before him. Our own generation will return to him, weary of the lucid excellencies of the lesser men, their finished perfection within the limits of the little. He was too great for us. If some of us have lost sight of him, it is not because they have left him behind them with the Victorian Era, it is because they have not yet "caught up." He was too swift for us. He has passed us by, and only thus can we conceive of him as passing. He has not yielded up his fire to any one of us. He is on far ahead with his torch, holding high for us the inextinguishable flame.

RECENT LITERARY STUDIES

MR. HUNEKER'S "Egotists: A Book of Supermen" [1] is a companion volume to his "Iconoclasts," and both are very interesting contributions to the study of a notable literary movement. Both are text-books of the up-to-date expression of modern individualism; they register the stages of a movement which has been antipodal to the classical spirit and achievement in any form of art. The classical drama, poetry, painting, fiction, was fundamentally social, and derived its definiteness of thought and form largely from the recognition of the force of tradition, of the authority of the general feeling, and of the common language of experience. The movement of which Mr. Huneker writes is largely anti-social; it records the ultimate reach of the tremendous assertion of individualism which is the surplus and excess of the modern emphasis on the authority and inviolability of the individual conscience, impulse, conviction, genius. When individualism asserts itself as the supreme force unrestrained by the social sense, the

[1] Egotists: A Book of Supermen. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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consciousness of a race as well as a personal obligation and authority, egotism on a great scale is the inevitable result, and Mr. Huneker has shown his discernment in the title of his book. Its sub-title is open to serious discussion; are egotists Supermen if we use the word in the general and not in the Nietzschian sense? Are they not men of abnormal development in one or two directions, who present a distorted rather than a superior order of power, a view of life at once perverted and partial; an art highly specialized in craftsmanship but singularly and ominously devoid of vision, of those divinations and intimations of the unseen which give the Greek tragedies such majesty and the Shakespearean tragedies such moving and liberating power?

They are a singularly unpleasant group—Beyle-Stendhal, Baudelaire, Huysmans, Nietzsche, Stirner—and Mr. Huneker presents them with unflinching candor. They were all men of talent, some of them men of genius; they were exacting craftsmen; but they were all touched with insanity; some of them were unmistakably mad. The end of the road along which they traveled was the place where Maupassant died. The interest which attaches to the work of these writers is very great, but does their contribution to literature sustain the importance which Mr. Huneker attaches to it? Sheer audacity and paradox have much to do with the vogue of several members of the group. When Stirner declares that "crimes spring from fixed ideas," and that the Church, the State, the family morals are fixed ideas, he catches attention; but does he make good his position? These oracular sayings are humorous from the standpoint of serious thinking, but they are indecent exposures of confused mental processes. Mr. Huneker puts the attitude of a large group of egotists with precision when he interprets Stirner in these phrases: "I am not you, but I'll use you if you are agreeable to me. Not to God, not to man, must be given the glory. I'll keep the glory myself. What is Humanity but an abstraction? I am Humanity." The philosophy and practice of egotism could not be put more succinctly; nor could its ignobility, its blindness, its mental and spiritual confusion, be more clearly revealed. Ibsen is the most important figure with whom Mr. Huneker deals, and the interpretation of the dramatist whose dynamic energy has made such a great and definite impression on his time is an excellent piece of semi-critical writing; but does not Mr. Huneker overstate the case for Anatole France, a facile, sensitive, impressionable spirit devoid of the stability of a great artist; an artist who has been debilitated by the easy, vague cosmopolitanism of his time? Stendhal was beyond question an interesting man of singular gifts; but is it certain that he is "an enduring figure in French literature"? Will the twenty-first century count him among the artists or the spiritual liberators? And when Huneker calls him the "most seductive spiller of souls since Saint-Simon," what does he mean to say?

"Egotists" is a very interesting book concerning men who, with two or three exceptions, were more or less unbalanced in mind; it is the work of a man who knows his subject thoroughly and who writes frankly and unconventionally, as he ought. It must be added, however, that at times the lawless spirit of some of the men he celebrates gets into Mr. Huneker's style; it confuses the vocabulary of all the arts; it sins in excess and extravagance; it is needlessly elliptical and paradoxical.

If Mr. Huneker stands for a late and radical departure from the older standards, Mr. Paul Elmer More stands for the earlier and broader movement of literature, and interprets the art in its highest and most comprehensive expression. It is not too much to say of him that more than any other American writer of his time he holds the professional attitude of the critics who have made criticism a department of literature. He devotes himself to critical study and comment definitely and with sustained concentration of purpose. The "Shelburne Essays,"[1] of which the sixth series has appeared recently, represent a serious endeavor to interpret literature from the standpoint of the scholar rather than of the journalist, and the new series, which is described as "Studies in Religious Dualism," shows the range of Mr. More's studies. It deals with aspects of Oriental philosophy,

[1] Shelburne Essays. Fifth Series. By Paul Elmer More. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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with St. Augustine, Pascal, Bunyan, Rousseau, Socrates, Plato, and Sir Thomas Browne. Here is a group of non-egotists, of men whose authority rests on clarity, clear intelligence, breadth of view and moral sanity; the saints and sages of the many-sided life of humanity. Here are an accomplished literary critic's studies of religious dualism, which, in form and manner admirable, are not convincing in substance. Dualism, as a term of religious philosophy, denotes that two-ness in every one of us in which life seems divided against itself in the opposition of a lower to a higher nature, in the contradictions of good and evil, and in the chasm between the finite and the infinite. A classic picture of it from the moral standpoint is drawn by St. Paul in Romans vii. 7–25. The common aim of religion, philosophy, and science is to transcend this dualism, to merge its antagonisms in a higher unity. This is for the general reader a problem difficult and dreaded as dry, but Mr. More by presenting it in biographical form has made it attractive. The profound Hindu thinkers of ancient Brahmanism; such saintly souls as St. Augustine and Pascal; the good and gracious physician, Sir Thomas Browne, with his contemporary, the inspired tinker, John Bunyan; then, as the prophet of distinctive modernism, Rousseau; and lastly, in a *da capo* return to antiquity, Socrates and Plato, are successively exhibited in the struggle of their life to solve the great problem in the peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation. The palm is awarded to these last, especially to Plato. Mr. More's style is lucid, elegant, brightened with fine touches of historical and literary criticism. But as to the light which he has sought to shed upon his great subject, it is simply darkness. The Hindu solved the apparent antagonism between finite and infinite being by suppressing the finite, treating human personality as an illusion, a nothing. Mr. More solves it contrariwise, reducing the divine personality to zero, an illusory "projection of man's own soul into the void." And for this he strangely claims the authority of Plato, whose doctrine of "ideas" he accepts as the shibboleth of a perfect philosophy. But every scholar knows that Plato regarded these ideas—the eternal verities—as synthesized in the highest idea of the good, in a supreme Spirit, architect of the universe. Mr. More, on the contrary, regards these ideas as subsisting solely in "the life of humanity" regarded as eternized. The astronomical objection to so infinitesimal a basis for eternal verities should have occurred to him. Mr. More, once a Calvinist in creed, has not outgrown the fallacy of identifying Christianity with the orthodoxy which Calvin inherited from his great master Augustine; there is no escape from its rigor, he cries, "so far as we are Christians." Of what essential Christianity is, in distinction from its incrustations, he has no clearer conception than to say: "It is possible that Zeus and Apollo, the nymphs and dryads, may retain their appeal as symbols of the religious imagination when Jehovah and Jesus, Allah and Mahomet, have been dethroned as false gods and denounced as priestly impositions." It is regrettable to find so fundamental a failure of illuminating effect spoiling the treatment of a subject so profoundly affecting spiritual life. These studies of it stop prematurely in the now obsolete deism of the eighteenth century. During the last half-century representative theists have effectually disposed of Mr. More's bugbear—the incompatibility of personality with infinite Being. The loftiest poetry and the profoundest philosophy of the present time are here in full accord—Tennyson, in the prayer,

"O Living Will, that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,"

and Royce, in his affirmation that "what the faith of our fathers has genuinely meant by God is, despite all the blindness and all the unessential accidents of religious tradition, identical with the inevitable outcome of a reflective philosophy."

Among the various biographies of Whitman Professor George R. Carpenter's "Walt Whitman"[1] is distinctly the best of those accounts of the poets which may be classed as appreciations rather than as critical estimates. The early death of Professor Carpenter is a distinct loss to literary scholarship in this country. He was a man of thorough academic training and of lifelong academic association; but he was free from the

[1] Walt Whitman. By George R. Carpenter. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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academic bias, from the narrowness of vision which sometimes overtakes the scholar. He had a vigorous and independent mind, and unconventionality attracted rather than repelled him. Those qualities which kept many men of letters aloof from the author of "Leaves of Grass" awakened Professor Carpenter's sympathy, and the best feature of his brief biography is his interpretation of Whitman's view of life and distinctive message to his time. The analysis of the poet's philosophy and definition of the "cosmic consciousness" as developed in Whitman is, in its clearness of statement, a distinct contribution to the Whitman literature. The idea comes from Dr. Bucke, who declares that "few of our race and time have entered into this consciousness, but it is the highest step in the same slow evolution that ripened the impersonal consciousness of the animal into the self-conscious spirit of man." It may be objected that Dr. Bucke is simply applying an imposing name to a spiritual quality shared by nearly all men of vision, but he deserves the credit of having localized, so to speak, a very vague and indefinite activity of the mind, and Professor Carpenter has found in it a key to Whitman's philosophy and to his art. The expression of the poet's "chronic mystical perception" in his verse and prose is emphasized as contributing to our knowledge of Whitman's intellectual character and his manner of speech, and the element of mysticism in his mind and work is clearly traced. Professor Carpenter's estimate of Whitman is suggested by the closing sentence of this biography: "He is the first and most notable of those who, in the nineteenth century, in Europe and America, preached the vision of the world as love and comradeship;" and this biography is distinctly the best among the appreciations of the poet that have appeared. Mr. Perry's biography remains the best among the critical biographies.

For more than two decades Mr. George E. Woodberry's "Life of Edgar Allan Poe"[1] has been one of the authoritative American literary biographies. Its estimates have not been accepted without question; and many students of Poe, while recognizing its thoroughness and dispassionateness, have regarded it as somewhat unsympathetic. It has had behind it, however, the authority of a literary scholar whose thoroughness of method and original acquaintance with the subject have given it great weight. The interest in Poe, however, and the thorough searching of the field of knowledge relating to his life and work which has been going on since this work was published, have brought some new and important facts to light. Poe is to-day a much more important figure in American literature, judged by the most exacting standards, than he was twenty years ago. As co-editor with Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, of a complete edition of Poe's works, and as editor of the Poe-Chivers Correspondence, Mr. Woodberry has had the opportunity of acquainting himself with sources of information which have given him so much fresh knowledge that his biography has become, in his judgment, somewhat antiquated; and he has now, by additions which enlarge it to two volumes, gathered up the results both of his earlier and his later labors. His aim in the larger as in the more compact book, however, is to present a literary biography. He points out that a biography of Poe has two special interests: it lies outside New England, and it embodies contemporaneous literary history apart from the lives of the other greater American writers. In the earlier volume, Mr. Woodberry tells us, he excluded much and suppressed much which he thought the world would let die. But this attempt to assist oblivion has proved fruitless. Every possible theory and surmise relating to Poe has been put forth, and in this work he has presented all matters of fact that have come to light. Mr. Woodberry has wisely brought these matters within the scope of his biography, and treated them with as much reserve as the publicity already given them permits; but they ought never to have found their way into print. Poe's relations with Mrs. Whitman, for instance, are of no sort of consequence to the public; he had ceased to be responsible, and neither his words nor his deeds counted; a veil ought to have been drawn over the details of his emotional life in the closing months. They

[1] Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By George Woodberry Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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add nothing to our knowledge of him or of his art; they do not belong to us. It is high time to let Poe the man alone and try to deal with Poe the artist sanely and dispassionately. Special interest attaches to this new and larger form of Mr. Woodberry's biography because of the large addition of letters and other material incorporated in the text and the numerous appendices which present a variety of documents bearing upon Poe's life and including a complete bibliography of his writings. The volumes present portraits of the poet, pictures of his home and the places associated with him, facsimiles of some of his manuscripts and letters, with the portraits of many of the men and women with whom he was associated.

It is a pleasure to read so thorough and intelligent a piece of biography as Professor George McLean Harper's "Life of Sainte-Beuve."[1] The undertaking was full of difficulties which have been happily surmounted. Sainte-Beuve in many ways was a very unattractive personality. There were puzzling contradictions both in his life and in his work. His later attitude, involving as it did so large a sacrifice of his human interests and friendships, has alienated many who recognize the supreme value of his work in the field of criticism. Professor Harper's approach to Sainte-Beuve is both sympathetic and critical. It has much of Sainte-Beuve's dispassionateness of temper; and the result is an intelligible interpretation of a career and body of work of the first importance, and a recognizable and interesting portrait. The author of "Volupté" and the author of "Port Royal" are shown to be one and the same person, and the development of the later out of the earlier man is clearly indicated. The most valuable contribution to the subject which this biography presents is its interpretation of Sainte-Beuve's critical method, its gradual evolution, its reaction upon the man. The supreme excellence of that method was its dispassionate endeavor to let the man speak for himself, and its effect upon Sainte-Beuve endowed him at the end with a marvelous power of reflection at the sacrifice of many earlier convictions, tastes, and predilections. So deeply interested was Sainte-Beuve in tracing back to their sources the qualities and traits of the men and women with whom he dealt, so intense was his curiosity about every phase of human character, so ardent his desire to understand, that he became at last an urgent impersonal inquirer. It was not easy to draw Sainte-Beuve's portrait; nor was it easy to analyze this special quality and to bring into clear light his method. All these three things Professor Harper has done with patience, sagacity, and scrupulous integrity of attitude. His book is areal contribution to the subject, as it is a credit to American literary scholarship.

Two recent contributions to American literary history have commendable qualities. Mr. Otis's "American Verse"[1] is a study of the development of poetry in this country from 1625 to 1807; a period which did not produce literature except in the case of a few lyrics and a group of orations and state papers, but which has the interest that inheres in the first stirrings of art. The book presents this early verse not only in chronological order, but according to subject matter—an admirable arrangement for the student. Mr. Otis endeavors to establish the proposition that seventeenth and eighteenth century American verse was not imitative and entirely lacking in originality, but he does not overrate its literary value; and he throws light on the intellectual attitude and spirit of the colonies. "American Verse" is a valuable study of early literary conditions.

The very solid volume entitled "A Manual of American Literature,"[2] edited by Mr. Theodore Stanton, in collaboration with members of the Faculty of Cornell University, finds its place as No. 4,000 in the invaluable Tauchnitz Edition, and is a somewhat elaborate account of the development of literature in this country; so completely is the story told that the book has the appearance and will fulfill the use of a condensed book of reference. The sense of proportion in some of the estimates is defective, but the story is told with care and ample knowledge, and in most instances the judgment is sound.

[1] Sainte-Beuve. By George McLean Harper. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

[1] American Verse. By William Bradey Otis. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

[2] A Manual of American Literature. By Theodore Stanton and Others. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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PUBLIC OPINION

THE CAUSES OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES

Very seldom have I read as well-informed and able a commentary on the situation in Armenia as the one contained in the June Magazine Number of The Outlook. You ask, "Who is Responsible" for the massacres in Asia Minor? and you answer the question so well and authentically that I should not add anything to it. But even The Outlook seems to be carried away by the currents of an erroneous impression that has become so prevalent in the American press—that is, that the Armenian revolutionists must have had their share of responsibility in the Turkish outrages, being "hot-headed," "and whose spirit is foreign to the real objects and methods of the Armenians as a whole."

It is true that there have been among the Armenian revolutionists those who have struggled for and aspired to reforms in Armenia independent of Turkey; but these were before the recent redemption of Turkey from the old régime, and this fact is by no means to the discredit of the revolutionists, as it was no longer possible for the Armenians to live in a condition where there was no security whatsoever of life, property, and honor.

After the overthrow of the Grand Assassin and his régime, however, the Armenian revolutionists found themselves before a fact for whose *partial* achievement they were striving.

After the proclamation of the Constitution about a year ago, the first thing that the Armenian revolutionist parties did was to shake off their former tactics and to come forward as legal political parties, to work hand in hand with the Young Turks for the reconstruction and the regeneration of the Ottoman Empire.

The ranks of the Liberty Army are filled with many Armenian volunteers, furnished by these parties. After the surrender of the Yuldez Keshk, the streets of Constantinople were patrolled by the Turkish soldiers as well as by the Armenian volunteers.

If in Constantinople this is the attitude of the Armenian revolutionists, how in Adana could they have a different attitude? This is almost ridiculous, especially to one who is cognizant with the strict centralization of the Armenian revolutionary associations.

I think, however, that this wrong impression of the Armenian revolutionists is produced from afar by the machinery of the self-same criminal parties in the afflicted district, having at their head the arch-criminal reactionist, Governor Djevad Bey, who was so bitterly stigmatized even by the only local Turkish paper two weeks prior to the massacres as the one brewing them, and who will soon, I hope, be brought before justice with his infamous satellites by the committee appointed from the Chamber of Deputies to investigate the facts.

Here I conclude with a statement from Enver Bey, the hero of the recent triumphant capture of Constantinople:

> Those movements (the Adana massacres) are not self-instigated. They were desperate attempts on the part of the reactionists to bring about a foreign intervention and to crush us. The orders for massacre were sent from Constantinople, from Yildiz Kiosk. Such attempts will no more be possible.

A. OSKERITCHIAN.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

ANOTHER VIEW

In July, 1908, the new Constitution was received throughout the Empire with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. All classes and sects took part in these celebrations; eloquent patriotic addresses were made, often at one meeting, in Turkish, Armenian, Greek, Arabic, Bulgarian, French, and other languages, by Moslems and Christians alike, and all wildly cheered by the assembly. It almost seemed to some of us that the millennium had come. It was the same here in the Province of Adana as elsewhere; again and again were the teachers of this and other schools called upon to give addresses to great gatherings of all sects, in Adana, Tarsus, Mersina, Sis, and Hadjin. Cheers for the Constitution, the Parliament, the Army of Macedonia; for liberty, equality, fraternity, and justice, resounded on every side. But as time went on three dangers appeared. It was evident that the religious leaders of the Moslems, many of their chief men, and the ignorant people of the villages were not with the new movement. It may have been too much to expect that they should be. The East clings long to old habits and ways. The Moslems had accustomed themselves for centuries to despise and oppress the Giaours; these privileges could not be given up all at once without some rankling of heart. It was plain to some of us that this dangerous feeling was of late on the increase; it was fed in some localities by fanatics who went from village to village and from mosque to mosque to stir up trouble. There is no reasonable doubt that the late Sultan was behind the movement with his money and his influence. No effective measures were taken by the Governor-General of the province or his subordinates for the checking of this reactionary effort, or for the punishment of those engaged in it.

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In these circumstances the right policy for the Armenians was evidently to "let sleeping wild beasts lie," and not awaken them. This policy, that of our Lord and his Apostles, was constantly advocated by the missionaries and by our native pastors and teachers. Everything possible was done by them to conciliate the Turks of all classes. Students in our schools who showed a different spirit were reasoned with, and if found still rebellious, were expelled; the recent events at Aintab, in the Central Turkey College, are an illustration.

It is a cause of great regret that many religious and secular leaders among the Armenians of the old church pursued a different policy. They refused to co-operate with the Turks of the party of Reform; they preached in their secret societies, and often from their pulpits, their dreams of Armenian political independence, and the necessity of arming themselves to secure this independence. The hot-headed Bishop of Adana went all over his diocese proclaiming these doctrines; another man who was very active in this direction was Geukderelian of Adana, who had lain in prison for twelve years and who has really remarkable intellectual abilities. In our talks with these men and their followers we tried to show them that an unsuccessful revolution is a crime; and that with ten Moslems to one Armenian in this region, and with the army and the Government against them, an Armenian revolt *must* be a failure. All sensible Christians agreed with us; but there were enough of the other sort greatly to irritate the Turks with their vain boastings and preparations. These few men sowed the wind; and, alas! thousands of innocent men, women, and children have had to reap the whirlwind.

A third danger threatened in the free purchase of arms and ammunition by Moslems and Christians alike. During the old régime the sale of arms had been forbidden, but now the prohibition was withdrawn; even in our schools we have had difficulty in keeping revolvers, daggers, etc., out of the hands of our students. In consequence of this almost universal carrying of weapons, several deaths took place by accident in our three cities. The partisans of the old régime watched this process of arming, and this increase of mutual suspicion and irritation, with ill-concealed joy. When reasoned with on the subject, they would say, "What can we do? In the old days the governors and other officers had some real power; they could hold these hostile elements in check, they could stop the carrying of weapons, they could put disturbers of the peace into prison. But now, there is this much-talked-of liberty! If we arrest a man' we are in danger of being hauled up before the courts. We must simply stand by and look on, while events take their own course." So the province rushed on toward Niagara.

Another thing must be remembered. This region was scarcely touched in the massacres of 1895–6. The influence of the foreign consuls, and the American and other ships-of-war that patrolled our coast, secured this comparative immunity. So during all these years the Christians of this very fertile plain have been increasing in numbers and in wealth. A Government official is reported to have said: "We are waiting for the hive to fill up with honey; when it is full, and the opportunity comes, we shall do as we have done in other places." The opportunity came on Wednesday, the 14th of April. On the previous day the reactionists triumphed in Constantinople; on that day also a worthless Turk in Adana who had attacked an equally worthless Armenian and had been wounded by him died. The utmost was made of this incident to excite the Moslems; the body was dragged through the streets for exhibition; inflammatory addresses were made in the mosques; it was proclaimed that the Armenians had risen, and were killing true believers and burning their houses; telegrams and runners with the same message were sent to all parts of the province; instructions were received from Constantinople (of this there is abundant proof) to protect the foreigners and "put down" the Armenians. On Wednesday morning, in Adana, the shops where arms were sold were thronged by Moslems, among whom the "Hojas" were conspicuous; at the same time in Adana, Tarsus, Osmanié, and other places the mob were summoned by sound of trumpet to the Government armories, where thousands of the best rifles, with ammunition, were given out to them by Government officials. The work of murder, pillage, and burning began all over the vilayet—in Adana that Wednesday forenoon; in other places on Thursday morning; in Tarsus the greatest damage was done on Friday, when the local mob was reinforced by about two hundred men from Adana who had there seized a special train. The report was given out in Tarsus that Geukderelian was marching on the city at the head of fifteen thousand Armenian cavalry! This is only a sample of the lies by which the Moslem thirst for blood and plunder was stimulated. The results are now known to the world: ten thousand Christians murdered, hundreds of women carried off to harems, scores of flourishing towns, villages, and farms reduced to heaps of ruins. Only in Adana, Hadjin,

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Murad Keoy, and at Deort Yol (near the battlefield of Issus) did the Armenians make any defense.

What we missionaries saw in Adana and Tarsus has been told already. Now that survivors are coming in from the villages we learn of the horrors there enacted also. Take Osmanié as an example. This is a town at the eastern end of the Cilician Plain. On the Wednesday afternoon the young pastor of the Protestant church and four other pastors, all coming to Adana to attend the yearly Conference, were taken out of the carriage on this side of Osmanié and killed. That evening two other parties of pastors and delegates from Marash, Aintab, Mesopotamia, and other regions reached the village; nothing was known of the tragedy already enacted a few miles to the west. The pastors reported that there were many Moslem villagers on the roads coming into Osmanié, all hastening to the town; they learned that these went to the Government House as they arrived and were supplied with arms. Before dawn a man came to tell the pastors that trouble was evidently brewing. They went with some prominent Armenians to the Governor, who told them (as did a chief Moslem) that there was nothing to fear, and that all the shops must be opened that morning. While they were at breakfast a messenger came to say that Giragos, the wealthiest Christian of the place, had been murdered while opening his place of business. At the same time hundreds of terrified Armenians rushed into the church, where the pastors had spent the night. There was no thought of fighting; nobody was armed. The mob came upon them; the church was set on fire; the women and children were ordered to come out first, and were taken to the Government House; then the men and boys were called or dragged out and ruthlessly butchered at a few steps from the door. The last words that were heard from the oldest of the pastors were a prayer for the forgiveness of the murderers. Only four decrepit old men were spared. One of our students here in Tarsus lost his father and three brothers. Every Armenian house and shop was plundered and then burned or wrecked; the latter where it could not be burned without danger to the property of Moslems. In Baghché, near Osmanié, the German surveyors there laying out the line of the Bagdad Railway were besieged by the mob, and their own lives spared only on condition of their giving up the Armenians who had fled to them for refuge; as soon as this was done an indiscriminate massacre took place in the presence of the Germans, at ten paces from the door. This is the story of scores of villages, farms, and vineyard-houses. And now we wait to see what the civilized world and the men of the new régime will do about it; what God will do we know. THOMAS D. CHRISTIE.

Tarsus, May 6, 1909.

A CONGRESS OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS

There met in Cairo, from April 10 to April 15, the second International Congress of Archæology. It is four years since the first, which was held in Athens in 1905, and the third Congress is to meet in Rome in two years from now by invitation of the Italian Government. Cairo welcomed the eight hundred "Congressists" (as they were popularly called) with cool and charming weather, as well as with the most generous hospitality. Not only were railway and steamer fares reduced fifty per cent for members of the Congress, but all museums and mosques were thrown open to them freely, and at certain times special guides were present in the museums to show and explain everything. And, still further, the Khedive, on two successive days, entertained the whole Congress in a truly royal manner. On Tuesday afternoon his Highness received the delegates in his palace, shaking hands with them personally, and providing all kinds of delectable things to eat and drink, so artistically arranged with masses of flowers that one was charmed in every sense. On the next afternoon the eight hundred were carried by three of the Khedive's private yachts to see the magnificent barrage across the Nile, and conveyed on hand trolleys over the barrage itself. It was an amusing sight, these grave and famous archæologists laughing like children as they were rushed wildly along by rows of liveried Arabs who ran each side and pushed the little cars. Then, in the beautiful Barrage Gardens, glowing just now with masses of bougainvillia, the members were served again with royal magnificence at tables set out on the grass under the trees. Everything was so perfectly arranged that there was no crowding and no neglect. These festivities pushed the serious business of the Conference into the mornings. There was a grand opening session on Saturday morning in the Opera-House, presided over by the Khedive, and there the presidents of the six sections of the Conference were appointed. These six sections (divided according to subject) had addresses in French, English, German, or Greek going on at the same time in four halls at the Savoy Hotel and two class-rooms of the new Egyptian University. Like a three-ringed circus, this was distracting.

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The lively and conscientious archæologist *might* get into the Byzantine Section and hear Professor Ouspensky, of Constantinople, tell of the beautiful mosaics discovered by the Russians in the Church of St. Demetrius, in Salonika; and then race into the classical section where Dr. Hamilton Smith, of London, was telling about the columns from the Treasury of Atreus in Greece—discovered in a rubbish heap in Ireland; and get into the pre-classical section in time to hear the end of the thrilling tale of excavations in Megiddo. But he would more likely miss all three and hear something he had not planned for at all, because the programme was constantly changing, or the papers were longer or shorter than he had supposed.

With the difficulty of choosing and the certainty that one must miss much that was good, some philosophical members of the Congress cut all the meetings and went sight-seeing. They argued that the papers would be published and might be read at leisure later, while they themselves might never again be where camels and automobiles passed each other constantly on the road; where Arabs in long coats of ravishing Madonna blue ran about macadamized streets under waving palm trees. These members, however, missed the special significance of such a Congress—the influence of the human personality. To see and hear a great man is always worth more than merely to read his books. And the Congressists must go away from these meetings with a broader view of the work that has been done, and is to be done, all over the world, and a greater admiration for the people who are doing it. Archæologists are popularly supposed to be the most jealous of savants—to care only for their own line of investigation and cry down all others. But such was not the spirit of the Congress. Each member vied with each other in compliment for and appreciation of that other's work. There has been naturally more about Egyptian archæology than about any other one subject, and the only point that might be said to come up for discussion was the old one of whether Mycenean art most influenced Egyptian art, or was influenced by the latter. And the conclusion was the old one that while Egyptian art had great influence in the earliest times, yet the true originality of the Mycenean is evident in the spirit and in the way in which the Egyptian influence was used. Very little was made of the archæology of Asia Minor or Mesopotamia. These lands will receive their due meed of attention in some future Congress, perhaps, to be held in Constantinople or even farther East.

ISABEL F. DODD.

Constantinople, Turkey.

AUTOMOBILES, PUBLIC OPINION AND GOOD ROADS

Will you pardon a word on the extremely interesting and chatty paper on "Sane Motoring—or Insane?" whose writer is in line with the best motor practice in our cities, North or South?

The question is timely, and the author touches many burning spots. The finer points of signaling when overtaking cars, swinging wide when turning for a left-hand street, are indications of a practiced driver, be he boor or gentleman, but who shall teach the "cads on casters" whose native instincts do not command them to avoid throwing dirt and mud on such by-passers as may be near their path? Laws cannot reach them, though public sentiment may. Few men care to ramp joyously across the public toes. And the knowledge that a widespread resentment—open and aroused—awaits the violator of the decencies of the highway would go far to restrain them.

I read recently, with unchristian glee, that a broker in New York smashed the hat—the sanctuary of dignity—of a porcine driver who had almost run him down at a street crossing. What matters it that the hat-smasher was haled before a magistrate, and probably had to pay five dollars? It was worth it. "The by-standers cheered."

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Motor cars have undoubtedly increased the number of good roads, but at the same time they have injured a number of roads that were excellent.

It is only fair and right that the money for maintenance and extension of roads shall come out of the pockets largely of those for whose benefit they have been called into existence. Few owners of cars will oppose this if assured that the money so raised will go in that direction.

J. MILLAR WILSON.

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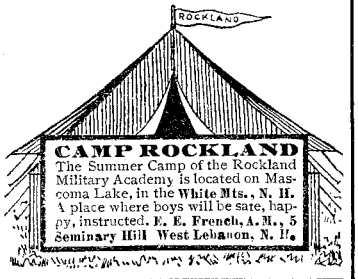
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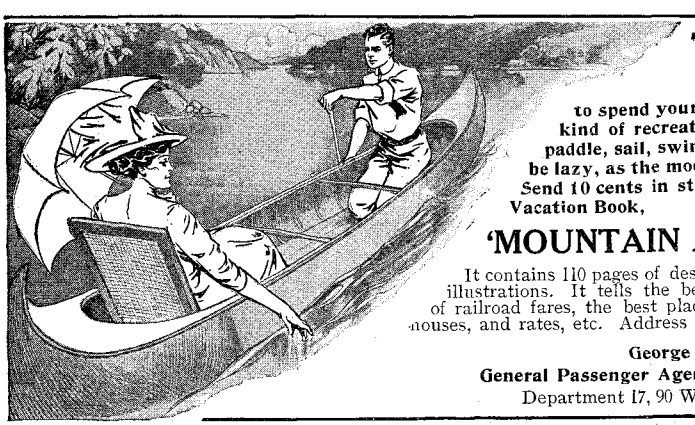

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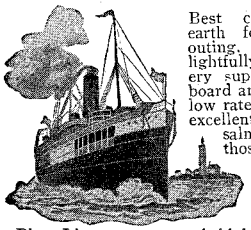

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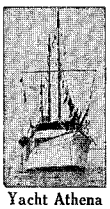

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